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Week of Oct. 19, 1947



Enchanting Romance of
King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine
On Next Page

Geraint and Enid

Painting by
Willy Pogany

Enid's IMPATIENT CHAMPION

Illustrated
by R. F.
SCHABELITZ

*Geraint Told the Earl He
Had a Score to Settle With
the Sparrow Hawk and the
More He Considered It, the
Less Patient He Felt.*

By John Erskine

LADY GUEST'S translation of the "Mabinogion," Welsh legends from a 14th century manuscript, was published in 1849.

Tennyson published "Enid and Nynue," his first version of "The Marriage of Geraint," in 1857, and included the poem in the 1859 edition of "The Idylls of the King."

Lady Charlotte Guest, the wife of an owner of iron works in Wales, was a remarkable Welsh scholar, and the soundness and beauty of her translations were recognized by all competent critics.

Since the Arthurian legends had been current in medieval Welsh literature as in English, Lady Guest made at once a name for herself, comparable to the fame of Lady Gregory in modern times, for her translations from the Irish.

"The Marriage of Enid," and "Geraint and Enid," two of the "Idylls of the King," Tennyson based on Lady Guest's work; in fact he re-told with little change the story as he found it in the "Mabinogion."

The one slight change was introduced to explain Geraint's distrust of Enid. Queen Guinivere admired the girl Geraint had married, and made her a favored companion. When rumors against Guinivere and Lancelot began to spread, Geraint for a moment lost faith in his bride.

The episodes which Mr. Pogany and I have selected are not in the order in which Tennyson gives them;

When Geraint saw Enid, he knew she must be his. He was one of King Arthur's ablest knights. She was the daughter of an impoverished earl. How he won her by besting a rogue, married her, came to doubt her and finally was convinced of her fidelity provides the theme for one of Tennyson's most poignant "Idylls of the King."

John Erskine and Willy Pogany have selected seven episodes of this romance which Mr. Pogany will illustrate on American Weekly covers and Mr. Erskine will narrate. The first appears today.

rather, in the chronology of their actual occurrence.

Geraint in early youth met Enid by accident. When King Arthur, at Whitsuntide, held court at Caerleon upon Usk—notice that the scene is laid in Wales—a forester told him that an enormous hart had been seen in the woods. The King ordered his hunters to sound their horns next morning.

The Queen, attended by one maid of honor, rode to a place in the woods where the hunt was sure to pass.

As she waited, Prince Geraint rode up, smartly dressed but not for the hunt. Guinivere invited him to wait with her.

As they talked a strange knight rode by, attended by an unpleasant dwarf. Guinivere, unable to recognize the knight, sent her maid of honor to ask his name.

The dwarf answered the question by striking her across the face with his whipl. Geraint, who was unarmed, repeated the question, and the dwarf struck him too. Then Geraint went off to arm himself, and to track down the anonymous knight with his discourteous servant.

In his quest Geraint rode till he came to a little town in a valley. Through the town ran a long street. On one side of the valley rose a handsome fortress, and on the other side a dilapidated castle.

Both town and valley rang with the noise of armors and blacksmiths. Horses were shod and swords were sharpened at the forge. Whenever Geraint asked what the commotion was about, he got one answer, "The Sparrow Hawk."

One workman told him somewhat more. There would be a tournament in the morning, and the town was too busy for idle questions. Perhaps the knight had better inquire of Earl Yniol, who lived in the forlorn castle.

Geraint found the white-haired Earl dressed in a suit that once had been magnificent, but now was frayed.

When Geraint asked for shelter, Earl Yniol said he was welcome to all that the poverty of the house could provide. Geraint rode into the court, and was amazed at the ruin of a once-splendid home.

Waiting for Earl Yniol to arrange for his reception, he studied the walls and wondered how long the spreading ivy would let them stand.

Inside the house someone was singing a most appropriate song, a brave little challenge to fortune, to turn her wheel and lower the proud.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;

Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;

For man is man and master of his fate.

When Yniol returned and bade Geraint enter the house, the youth was still thinking of the song and of the voice. He hoped the singer was beautiful. In the hall, with its rafters covered with cobwebs, he found an aged woman and a young girl.

The girl, like Yniol, wore a garment which once had been splendid, but now the silk was faded. To Geraint, the poverty seemed of little importance. He decided immediately that this was the one maid for him.

She was Enid. Her father, the white-haired Yniol, explained the in-

justice that had aged him.

He had a nephew called the Sparrow Hawk, the villainous person who had permitted his dwarf to strike Guinivere's maid and Geraint.

The Sparrow Hawk, coveting the Earl's wealth, had seized the castle on the side of the valley, and driven out the Earl, with Enid and her mother, to live in the tumbledown house where Geraint found them.

Since the town was filled with the Sparrow Hawk's men, the Earl lived in the midst of enemies, and he asked himself whether it was a virtue to be patient. He had never yet met a misfortune too great to bear, but it would give him a satisfaction, he did confess, if a champion should appear at the tournament next day and topple the Sparrow Hawk.

Geraint rested his eyes for a moment on Yniol's daughter Enid, and told the Earl he had a score to settle with the Sparrow Hawk, and the more he considered it, the less patient he felt.

How a husband's unjust suspicion could blight a marriage in the days of chivalry, even as it can today, will be demonstrated in the next episode of "The Marriage of Geraint."

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-AND I MEAN EVERYTHING!



*All along the line...
DUZ does Everything!*

THE Caruso LOVE STORY

Illustrated by
ELMORE BROWN



By Paul I. Murphy

INTO the Italian Relief offices in Boston a sad-eyed, courtly woman walked recently and arranged to make a donation to the needy children of Italy.

"It is in memory of Enrico Caruso," she said, and after a pause she added, "He was my husband."

Twenty-six years have passed since the great voice was stilled. His widow twice has sought happiness in marriage with other men and twice in divorce has failed.

Now, at 54, she discloses what she has often hinted in the past—that the only real love she has ever known is the love she bore, and still bears, for the robust, barrel-chested tenor of another generation.

"My Doro, you are mine," he once told her, she recalls. "Nothing can destroy our love."

"That is true," says Dorothy Caruso now, wealthy and sharing her wealth with the children of her husband's native land. "There was never another man like Rico. Those old ties last."

They have lasted since she was a girl of 17. She was slim and soft-checked then, just out of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in New York, and her name was Dorothy Park Benjamin, daughter of a wealthy publisher.

Her father was stern and his Italian companion, Anna Bolchi, was supercilious. It was no wonder, Dorothy Caruso recalls, that when the great one came into her life he suddenly filled it.

They met at a christening. Furred, straight and stalwart, he strode in and fixed his eyes on her.

"That was the longest instant in my life," she says. "I knew then that I was going to marry him."

He came often to the Benjamin home after that. Middle-aged, and without much education, he might have seemed hardly one to catch the fancy of a sequestered, romantic girl. His voice was golden. Everyone said so. But the convent girl did not fall in love with his voice. She fell in love with a warm, tempestuous man who adored her.

The world was applauding him (as it still does his recorded voice) yet frequently he was as candid as a boy. He was much older than she was and so, he said, she must know all the truth about him.

He told her about his first wife and how she had left him.

"After she left, I saw her only once," he said.

"Now you must forget it all," the convent girl told him. "Remember? We are going to be married."

Her father did not agree. At first he forbade the union, and when he saw that his quiet-voiced daughter for the first time was beyond his will, he tried to break up the romance by demanding \$500,000 for her hand.

Caruso shrugged that off, and Dorothy and he were married in the Marble Collegiate Chapel in New York on August 20, 1918. Two weeks later, after she had been baptized a Catholic, a second ceremony was performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

She never saw her father again, and when he died he willed his \$1,000,000 fortune to Miss Bolchi, whom he had adopted.

Dorothy Caruso did not mind. She and her father had never been close. The Italian tenor made a new world for her.

"It was like coming from darkness into sunshine," she says. "Father liked to see me cringe in fear. Rico wanted to give me the earth."

"Once as a beautiful limousine passed by, I said, 'That's a nice car.' The next day Rico paid \$12,000 for it and gave it to me. He was like that. Jewels, furs, gowns—he was always buying them."

They were almost always inseparable. If she could not accompany him on an operatic tour, he would write his heart out in letters, the English not scholarly, but sincere.

"I love you so. I will be devoted to you always." This was the tenor

The Great Singer Strode In and Fixed His Eyes on Dorothy Benjamin. "That Was the Longest Instant in My Life," She Says. "I Know Then That I Was Going to Marry Him."

of his messages, and being devoted, he was jealous. Once at a dinner dance for the Metropolitan Opera in Atlanta, Ga., she dined, against his will, with another man.

She still remembers clearly what he said a few moments later. "Get your coat. We go home now."

Dorothy Caruso was with Rico on his last tour.

They came up, with opera houses thundering from Mexico to Canada, and she was there on the night when abruptly he swayed, for a blood vessel had burst in his head.

"Stop him! Help him off!" Stagehands led him, reeling, into the wings. Dorothy rushed to his dressing room and found him quickly recovering. He laughed a little. It was nothing. But she knew it was much more.

In the months that followed, she pleaded with him to retire. He sang on. A chill finally dawned him.

On Christmas Eve, 1920, he had

the first of a series of operations, and he and Dorothy and their daughter, Gloria, sailed to Naples. However, he was not well. Italian surgeons performed another operation, against Dorothy's will, for she thought it was ill-advised.

From that operation he did not recover. Three days later he was laid at rest in a chapel in a Naples cemetery, embalmed, his features left visible through the years.

Dorothy married Captain Ernest A. Ingram, a British sportsman and social favorite, in 1923, and although they had much in common the memory of Rico, the great one, arose between them. They were soon divorced.

Her name then was linked with Alexander Moore, former husband of Lillian Russell, the actress, and with Charles H. Wacker, Jr., Chicago clubman, and later she married a New York socialite, Charles A. Holder. They too were divorced.

IT DOESN'T cost so much to get a wife, even when the courtship is conducted in the grand manner—but it can cost a fortune to get rid of one.

The latest millionaires to discover this sad discrepancy are William S. Paley, head of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and Orator Frank Woodward, the jelly king.

Mr. Paley was divorced from Dorothy Hart Paley in Reno recently and soon afterward married Barbara Cushing Mortimer. Mr. Woodward lost a costly round in a separation action brought by Mary Trask Woodward in New York.

When Mr. Paley was courting Dorothy 15 years ago, like any suitor in his circumstances, he doubtless spent a fair amount for flowers, candy, dinners, theatre tickets, nightclub supper, engagement ring, etc.

But even if he had spurned, he would have had a hard time running the total up to anywhere near the price he paid for his freedom.

That came to \$1,500,000, in the form of a certified check handed over to Dorothy on the day the decree was signed, and set a new high for settlements in uncontested Reno divorces.

After receiving the check Dorothy posed with a broad smile for photographers, and departed for Los Angeles to share her luck with her mother and two adopted children.

Five days later, at Manhasset, Long Island, Paley married Barbara, one of the three daughters of the late brain surgeon, Dr. Harvey Cushing, and former wife of Stanley G. Mortimer, whom she divorced in 1946.

In changing husbands, Barbara was following a family precedent.

Her sister Betsy first married Jimmy Roosevelt, son of the late President, and divorced him. Then she married John Hay "Jack" Whitney, son of one of America's most illustrious and wealthy families, shortly after his divorce from Elizabeth Altemus Whitney.

No one knows (except Whitney himself) what it cost him to court "Liz" Whitney, but surely nothing like the \$3,000,000 he reportedly settled on her when she agreed to a divorce.

The record for big-money payoffs to two wives has just been established by Mr. Woodward. He settled \$3,000,000 on his first wife, Persis Davis Woodward, and his two children in a Mexican divorce suit in 1929. This fall, when his second wife won a lump-sum settlement in her separation action, he paid her \$1,000,000.

The million-dollar windfall for Mary Trask Woodward came after Mr. Woodward already had paid her \$288,000 in monthly instalments for six years. Now those payments cease, and Mrs. Woodward has agreed to enter an "appearance" before a Reno divorce court, legalizing in the other

HIGH COST of Undoing 'I DO'

states the divorce which Mr. Woodward obtained there in 1942.

She and Mr. Woodward were married in 1931, two years after his divorce from Persis Davis Woodward.

At the time of his break with Persis, she charged that while he had been in Europe he had been attentive to a certain Princess Fatima.

In Paris, he took possession of his

two children, brought them back to Nyack, N. Y., and started suit for divorce. Persis returned from Paris, too, and the upshot of the dispute was a Mexican divorce and the \$3,000,000 settlement.

When Horace E. Dodge was divorced in Reno by Mickey Devine Dodge, former show girl in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," it wasn't so much

the cost of his freedom that upset him as it was the method of payment.

Mickey demanded \$750,000 in cash. Annoyed by that, Dodge tried at first to raise the whole amount in one dollar bill, but when he found that was too difficult to manage, he made the payment in \$10,000 bills—75 of them. In addition, Mickey received a deed to the furnishings in their Park Avenue apartment and a check for \$50,000 representing her interest in their Connecticut home—thus bringing the total settlement up to \$900,000.

Llewellyn L. Parker, 73-year-old well-to-do Chicago engineer, was apparently put to no great trouble or expense in courting 37-year-old Rosemary Lauck, attractive blonde, whom he married in February, 1946. Now that he wants to call it quits, however, he says he's got nothing but trouble and he's not sure he can stand the expense.

In a suit for annulment, Parker declared his wife told him:

"I married you only for your money and for what I can get out of you. You're only a meal ticket as far as I'm concerned. I don't love you, I never loved you and I never would love you. I intend to live with you only long enough for you to buy me a large wardrobe and then I'm going to divorce you and find a younger man with more money. You are an old fossil."

He refused to buy her a fur coat because he couldn't afford it, he declared, so she took a "very expensive diamond ring" and used it as a down payment on the coat.

He had to stop all her charge accounts, he said, because within a year's time she "spent more than 100 per cent of my income."

That was expensive enough, but now Mrs. Parker has filed suit for separate maintenance and Parker faces a costly journey to freedom.

Louis De Prisco of Wilmington, Del., also feels that the price of freedom can be exorbitant. De Prisco and his wife, Rosalie, started a laundry business together in 1927. It prospered and they agreed to set aside funds from the profits to send their children to college.

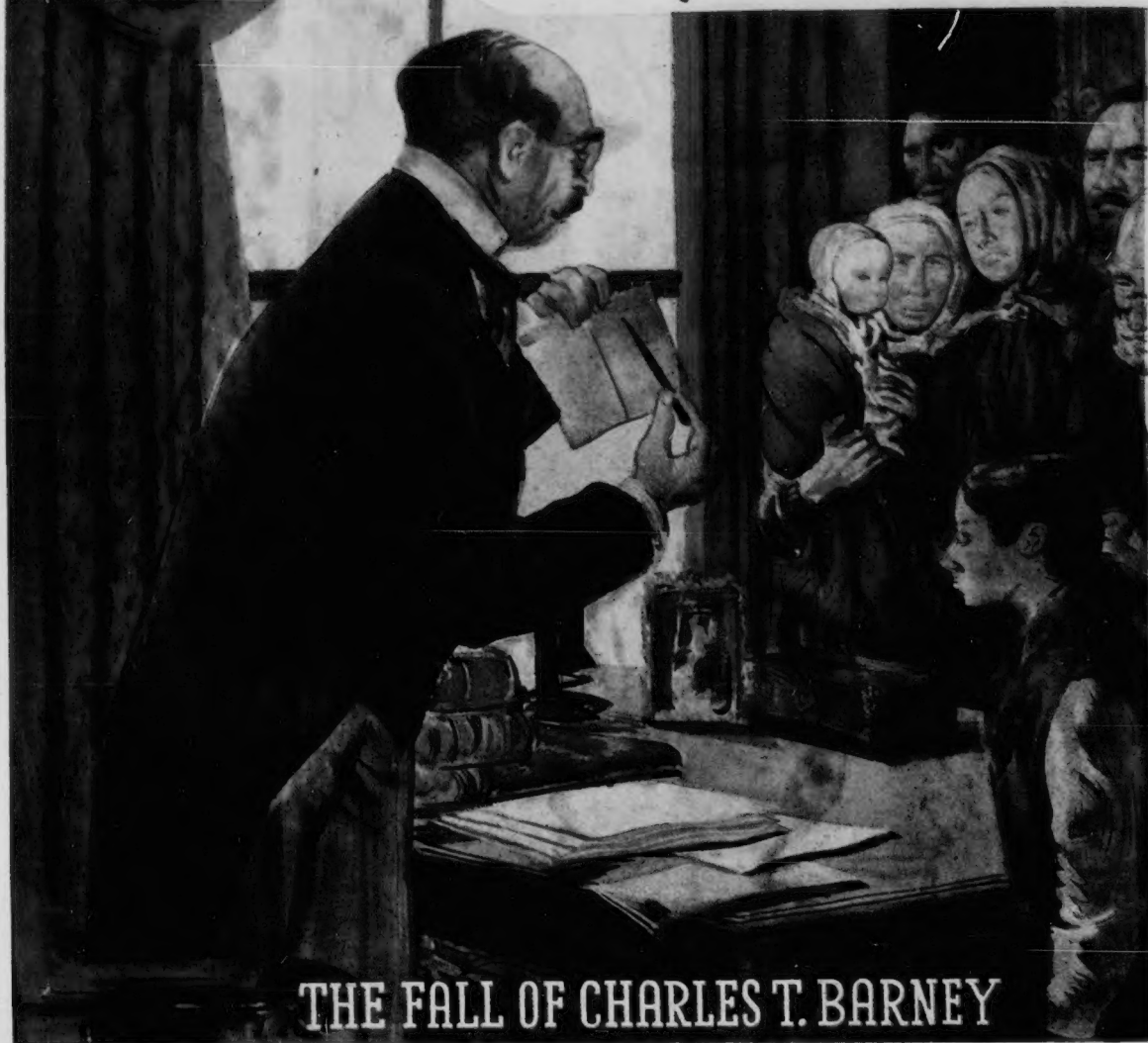
This was done for the first child, Mrs. De Prisco states, but when it came to the second child, she says, De Prisco balked and retained the funds for himself. Following this disagreement the couple separated and now Mrs. De Prisco has filed suit to prevent her husband from using the funds for purposes other than the one for which she claims they were originally intended.

There's one small bright spot in the otherwise sad experience suffered by men who pay large settlements or sizable alimony instalments to ex-mates: The wife must pay the income tax on the sums received.



The Ex-Mrs. William S. Paley—She Got a Million and a Half

Tragedy OF THE



THE FALL OF CHARLES T. BARNEY

By Gene Coughlin

MOST of the spectacular plungers of Wall Street since the turn of the century have had several things in common. They arrived in New York with poor, or obscure, backgrounds; they made millions and spent millions on fast and riotous living.

They were failures, financially and otherwise, when they died.

Charles Tracy Barney was an exception. He had social and financial prestige when he arrived on the New York scene and he married into one of the nation's First Families.

He spent his time, and his money, not on wine, women and song, but on committees pledged to improve the city along artistic and civic lines.

It was said of him that the only sensational thing in his life was his death and he had this much in common with the other plungers—he destroyed himself and his fortune by speculating.

At one time he had \$9,000,000 of his own. Two years later, he told a friend:

"I'm down and out. I can't put up a dollar to save the wreck. I lost it playing the other fellow's game."

Barney was 20, and fresh out of Williams college when he arrived in New York in 1870 to make, or rather add to, his fortune.

His father, A. H. Barney, president of the United States Express Co., wanted him to settle

It Took Some Salesmanship to Get the Customers He Wanted for His Bank, but Barney Was a Salesman and They Started Coming In.

in the home town, Cleveland, but young Barney already had advanced ideas about banking, and New York was the place to put them into effect.

New York liked this handsome and serious young man and, moving in the best circles, as he did, it was inevitable he should meet beautiful Lillie Collins Whitney, and cultivate her acquaintance while he was cultivating the luxuriant brown moustache that eventually was to become his facial trademark.

Her father, Gen. James S. Whitney, was collector of the Port of Boston. Her brother, William C. Whitney, was already one of the wealthiest young men in the world.

The wedding of Charles Barney and Lillie Whitney was the social event of the year, naturally, but the union made no dilettante of the young man from Cleveland. Instead, it spurred him on as a civic-minded citizen—and banker.

Through the latter decades of the 19th century, he was possessed of an idea that became an obsession. He noted, with increasing interest and impatience, the rising tide of immigration.

Poles, Irish, Italians, Germans and Jews were pouring into America and, Charles Barney opined,

were not being properly absorbed.

There was, for example, the matter of banking. The immigrants brought money with them, and started earning more, but established banks didn't make their acquaintance as depositors.

It seemed to Barney that there was a mutual distrust; that the new citizens were afraid of the banks, and vice versa, and the family mattress continued to serve as the family bank.

WHAT he had in mind, Barney kept explaining to his wealthy friends, was a great institution, a savings bank, presided over by the biggest men in New York; this to encourage even the lowliest and most suspicious of the new citizens to trust the bank. Their patronage to be solicited, instead of spurned.

Barney kept selling the idea until, in 1902, the dream came true. The Knickerbocker Trust Company opened its gilded doors, with Charles Tracy Barney, already a name to be reckoned with in the life of the great city, as president.

It took some salesmanship to get the customers he wanted, but Barney was a salesman, and they began coming in.

First, with trepidation and awe as they entered the magnificent structure, but the reception ac-

Illustrated by TOM HALL

October 19, 1947

Speculating Banker



were brought from Italy to the tune of \$200,000. The ballroom came from Italy, too. It was removed in its entirety from a Roman palace.

"Now," beamed Barney, "we can entertain a little."

While New York's 400 alighted from carriages for fabulous banquets and balls, small depositors in the Knickerbocker Trust Company across the street nudged one another, pointed to the marble mansion, and said:

"That belongs to Mr. Barney. I guess our money is safe, eh?"

Barney, with pride and faith in New York, began adding to his already impressive fortune.

He accumulated real estate, acres of it, in the Washington Heights and Dyckman sections.

He invested with Charles W. Morse and other copper kings, such as Heinz and Thomas.

He had a right to grin, a self-congratulatory grin, when, in 1905, he decided to make a will.

HIS attorney, George L. Nichols, whistled as he looked at the estate to be distributed. "Nine million dollars!" he exclaimed.

"It will be more," Barney said. "I'm in good shape, and just learning how to make money."

That was true; but he hadn't learned how to keep it.

The year 1907 found President Theodore Roosevelt announcing he would not run for re-election.

It found Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans assembling The Great White Fleet for a visit to Japan, with war lords rolling out the welcome mat and saying they wanted eternal peace. It found New York hack drivers on strike.

It found, too, a disturbing sense of unrest throughout the country. Riots broke out in Goldfield, Nev., and Kansas City, Mo. Something was happening to the monetary system; something was presaging the "panic" of 1908.

The sober-faced directors of the Knickerbocker Trust Company went into solemn session.

Charles T. Barney had enemies on the board, and they kept thumbing through the books.

Late that night, the night of Oct. 20, the directors issued a statement which was to precipitate the banking crisis.

The statement:

"In view of the fact that Mr. Barney's position is greatly extended in outside matters (copper) through association with Charles W. Morse and Morse & Co., it is deemed advisable that he resign."

Barney resigned, and the resignation was a crushing blow to thousands of the little depositors who had faith only in him; not in the men whose names appeared on the company's letterheads.

Next morning, before its doors opened, there were long lines of panicky depositors outside the Knickerbocker Trust Company. That nightmare of finance, "a run on the bank," was well under way.

Shortly after noon, exhausted tellers threw up their hands and cried:

"That's all!"

The gilded doors swung shut and were locked. Other banks were being drained of deposits and locking out depositors who came too late.

The New York branch, Women's Foreign Missionary Society, announced it had \$36,000 on deposit in the Knickerbocker Trust when it failed; that checks in the amount of \$30,000 had been drawn against the account and the worthless bits of paper were in the mails directed to missionaries all over the world.

Knickerbocker stock, once selling at 1,300 a share, crashed to 20. A number of brokers and some of their customers committed suicide.

Shaken and gray-faced, Barney offered his real estate holdings, once valued at \$2,700,000, to help pay off depositors, but the values had fluctuated and, besides, the properties were tied up.

He retired to the Park Avenue mansion with the Roman ballroom while a depositors' committee, headed by the noted attorney, Samuel Untermyer, tried to salvage as much as 10 cents on the dollar.

Hundreds of letters from smaller depositors, some threatening him with death, were sent to

Barney. He was in desperate condition, physically and mentally, when A. Foster Higgins, his successor as Knickerbocker president, visited him Nov. 13.

"I'm down and out," Barney sighed. "I'm sorry to see the company in such a hole, but I've done all I could. I can't dig up another dollar. It went—millions of it—playing the other fellow's game. Copper, and such."

The next day, Mrs. Lillie Barney and a friend, Susan Abbott Mead, heard a shot in Barney's study. They opened the door to see him upright, but swaying.

FOLLOWED then the four most fantastic hours in his life.

The shot was fired at 10 a. m. The bullet, from a .32 caliber revolver, entered the left side of his body at the waist line, travelled upward and diagonally to lodge in the right shoulder. The shooting was announced publicly as accidental but Coroner Julius Harburger, at the inquest, decided:

"I believe he shot himself because of the events of the last few days."

At any event, Dr. George Dixon, hastily summoned by Mrs. Barney, arrived in a few minutes, gave first aid, and announced he would operate.

Barney, in pain after the first shock, said: "It doesn't matter. But I want to see George."

Attorney George L. Nichols arrived post haste. "George," the ex-banker said, "I want to change my will, the one I made two years ago."

After all, with that \$9,000,000, I can do something—pay off the little fellows, or some of them."

He had forgotten, in his last hours, the disappearance of the nine millions, through speculation. But the understanding and sympathetic Nichols drew up the new will and guided Barney's shaking hand across the signature line.

The widow, who died last year at the age of 94, after spending the bulk of her fortune in settling Barney's obligations, witnessed the signing.

Barney died at 2 p. m. For most of the four hours after the shot was fired, he was conscious, and seemed lost in thought, now and then muttering to himself incompleted sentences that started out: "If I had only—"

If he had only—what? If he had only stuck to banking? If he hadn't been tempted to speculate? If he hadn't "played the other fellow's game?"

If he had only been content with what he had, and knew how to hold it?

Charles Tracy Barney died without finishing his soliloquy.



Charles Tracy Barney's Grave—His Last Words Were, "If I Had Only..."

corded them sent them scurrying home for life savings.

The Knickerbocker Trust Company, where street vendors rubbed shoulders with members of the Union League Club, began to flourish—and Barney had more time for his civic enterprises.

He was made president of the Municipal Art Commission and launched a campaign for additional, and improved, parks and drives.

He saw red when he contemplated the black smoke pouring out of industrial plants and, as president of the Anti-Smoke League, he fought against strong opposition and won.

He set some kind of a record by belonging, at one and the same time, to the directorates of 34 different companies.

But he found time to take care of his social and domestic affairs.

The Barney family grew to four, with the arrival of James W. and a daughter who was later to become Mrs. Courtlandt Dixon Barnes.

Barney decided the family mansion on Park Avenue should be representative of a leading citizen and banker.

He conferred with Stanford White, famed architect who was later shot by Harry K. Thaw over Evelyn Nesbit, Thaw's beautiful bride.

Thanks to Stanford White, and a million dollars, the Barney palace in the Murray Hill section, on Park Avenue, at 38th St., became one of the leading showplaces of New York. Furnishings

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*Ask your doctor

when to start baby on Swift's Strained Meats, and how much to feed. Usually one teaspoon is enough to start. Gradually increase the amount 'til baby gets 1½ ounces per serving (approximately ½ tin of Swift's Strained Meats).

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Tender cubes of meat—6 appetizing kinds that tempt even finicky eaters! Diced Meats are ideal to encourage chewing—help prevent lazy eating habits! Swift's Diced Meats are carefully trimmed, quality lean meats—easier for babies and young children to digest than rich table foods. Get a supply today!



All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

SWIFT & COMPANY



LOYALTIES OF *Gracie Fields*

By Jack Stone

THERE is the love of a woman for a man and the love of a woman for her country...and who, if a choice must be made, can make it fairly?

Gracie Fields, the Lancashire lass with the golden voice, made her choice and she's proud of it, but now she's paying for it.

Antipathy, scorn, popular unconcern, sharp criticism...these Gracie is experiencing for the first time in her life. It's a far cry from the idolatry she once enjoyed.

At 49 she is struggling to reach the top again, braving the frosty glances and the pointing fingers, singing her inimitable ballads with an extra catch in her throat, pleading for the affection and understanding she's lost.

By her side is the man she loves, Monty Banks. Arrayed against her are the British masses who suffered through the blitz and resent those Britons who did not bear it with them. Gracie will never lose the love of Monty Banks, she knows. But has she lost forever the adulation of her homeland? The thought frightens her.

Perhaps no English entertainer ever won her way into the collective British heart as did Gracie Fields. From her early success in her native Rochdale, Lancashire, she went on to become a national institution. Her gay, comical little songs, with their undertone of pathos, captured the fancy of a nation. "Our Gracie" was cheered wherever she went.

She was no diva. Her voice was even a little scratchy. But it was a voice that reached out and made people a part of her. The world may have been going to pot, but Gracie was still the same old Gracie and, jumbled world or not, she sang about things that made you laugh. British things as down to earth as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

There was the night in Rochdale when police had to rescue her from thousands of milling fans. Gracie loved that. There was the night in the House of Commons when Sir Samuel Hoare announced: "Gracie Fields is on tonight. The debate must end at an early hour so we may hear her." There was that time she lay gravely ill in a hospital and a royal message of sympathy came from Buckingham Palace.

Those were the days, when Monty Banks, the former slapstick comedian, sat on the hospital steps, waiting for a chance to fulfill her slightest whim. Monty had directed Gracie's pictures for years. They'd been good friends. Her sickness turned that friendship into love.

Gracie was touched by Britain's concern over her near-death. But Monty's adoration swept her away completely. When she recovered they were married. Britain was a little surprised, because Gracie was so British and Monty—well, Monty was an Italian, despite his English-sounding stage name.

The clouds of war gathered, then burst. Germany raced through Poland, crushed France in one lightning drive, leaving Britain alone to stem the evil tide.

What would Italy do? This question was of more than ordinary importance to Gracie and Monty, for once Italy cast her lot with the Nazis Monty would be an enemy alien. And they were so happy...



"I Had to Choose," Says the Famous Comedienne. "My Husband or My Country? I Just Couldn't Send Monty Away and Remain Behind Myself."

Ten days before Italy entered the war a mysterious phone call came through from Dublin for Monty. He was warned that he would be interned as soon as his native land turned against Britain. Well, there it was. Monty had to leave for the sanctuary of America, or spend no one knew how long as a prisoner.

And there it was for Gracie, too. She could stay with her country in time of great need, or go with the man she loved. As she says: "That phone call was the great crisis in my life. I had to choose, and quickly. My husband or my country? I thought and thought. Then I reached my decision. I just couldn't send Monty away and remain behind myself, maybe to be parted for years."

Gracie left with Monty. She left Britain when the shadow of the blitz was already encroaching upon its shores. She and Monty found a haven in America while the bombs fell and the people of Gracie's homeland worked out their destiny amid blood, sweat and tears.

Britain couldn't forget that Gracie wasn't with them when the great trial

came, to cheer them up, to make them laugh, to add her considerable bit to the struggle for life.

She did her stint of entertaining for the boys in America. She made the rounds of camps and hospitals, sang her heart out, lifted war-bound spirits with the contagious tunes she alone knew how to put over.

But it wasn't the same. In America there were safety and comfortable living, even in war. In Britain, as she hovered on the brink of oblivion, there had been dread peril and physical want. And Gracie hadn't been there to see it through, as had the British people from charwoman up.

No, it wasn't the same. The English populace, proud of its tough fibre under fire, felt that Gracie had somehow impaired the picture of national courage by skipping out in the kingdom's darkest hour.

The accusation was in hearts rather than on lips. The people made their decision about Gracie reluctantly, even a little sadly.

Immediately after the war she paid a flying visit to England. She sang and joked in the same old way. People came to hear her. They ap-

plauded. They still called her "Our Gracie." But there was a noticeable lack of the old spontaneous response, the quick tears and the unrestrained laughter. England remembered that Gracie had walked out on the blitz.

Now she's back home again, with a new radio program. People like it—but they just like it. They still haven't forgotten. There's no hooting or jeering. There's no adulation, either. When Gracie arrived at Victoria Station in London there were no crowds, no welcome speeches, no autograph hunters. She got a taxi herself and retired to her former secretary's flat.

She doesn't regret her decision. "I'd do it again," she said. "I just couldn't send Monty away alone."

She hopes that time will dim the national memory. She hopes people will try to understand. Already, with her lovable personality, she's broken down some of the prejudice. She's trying hard to reach the hearts of her people.

There is the love of a woman for a man and the love of a woman for her country...and who, if a choice must be made, can make it fairly?



Get more for lots less
with a
**THOR AUTOMAGIC
CLOTHES WASHER**

The price of the Thor Clothes Washer is almost as remarkable as its washday performance. Look at the machine... see what it does... then look at the price! You get more with Thor every way! Load after load of snowy clothes washed *cleaner* by Thor agitator action, rinsed *cleaner* by overflow rinses that drain from the top, and whirled better than wringer-dry... All you do is flick a switch. And no vibration, no need to bolt to the floor. Yes, you get more with Thor in every way!

The Thor Automagic Clothes Washer, including normal installation, is \$199.50. You can buy now, or later, the Dishwasher Conversion Unit for only \$69.95.



Nobody ever
liked to wash dishes
except the
**THOR
DISHWASHER**
it even washes
pots and pans



Nobody likes to do the dishes... and nobody has to do them with a Thor Dishwasher in the kitchen! It washes dishes, silver, glassware for six at one filling, and uses only 4 to 6 quarts of hot water. It handles your fine china with "kid gloves"... yet will wash greasiest pots and pans. And only the water moves in the Thor! See the Thor Dishwasher in action and you won't rest until it's washing *your* dishes... in *your* kitchen!

Thor Automagic Dishwasher, cabinet model, \$219.50, including normal installation. Thor Clothes Washer Conversion Unit (buy it now or later) only, \$49.95.

*the only washer in the world
you can buy 3 ways...
each wonderful!*



The automagic combination
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The Thor Combination is the finest worksaver... the grandest money saver... you've ever laid eyes on! Its two separate units (for duds and dishes) are used by *turn* in ONE streamlined cabinet. You make the switch only once a week, in 1½ minutes, just by changing tubs. Start right out with the Combination or add the extra unit later... at very little extra cost!



No part of the Thor that touches clothes ever touches dishes! Separate washing units slip in or out in 1½ minutes.



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The famous Thor Ironer that irons everything in minutes... even shirts... is now automagic! See how it irons, how it folds to store in a closet, how little it costs. You won't rest until you're Glad-ironing, too.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

By Wesley Hartzell

Slowing Down A GENIUS

THE University of Chicago is sending \$100 this year and some of its educational to "slow down" a 10-year-old Negro girl who solves so fast it may, in the school authorities, "harm her future social life."

The girl is Adrian Gordon, daughter of a Chicago postman, David Gordon, who quotes Shelley to his daughter and gets answers in quotations from Keats, Byron, Lewis Carroll, and Lawrence Dunbar, the Psalmist David, or the Apostle John.

Adrian has just graduated from Fuller grammar school and, according to Warren Seyfert, head of the University of Chicago's Laboratory School, an experimental institution where brilliant youngsters can fill in their cultural backgrounds while waiting for their educations to catch up with them, she is capable of going on to high school and competing successfully with 14-year-olds.

Instead, says Seyfert, she will go back to seventh grade at the Laboratory School and enter classes with other above-average children her age.

She will study Shakespeare and other English literature, art, mathematics, physical education and science.

When taking up the novels of Sir Walter Scott and other classic authors, a hitch may develop, Adrian's mother said. The love scenes are too mushy, Adrian complains. She will try to talk her professors into as signing her to mystery thrillers.

She got that way about a year ago when she read her first who dunit, "Mountain Mystery," by Maris-ton Chapman.

Since that time she has read many mystery books in the public library. And makes the family sit around the radio listening to mystery dramas to see who can pick out the culprit first. To date Adrian has a slight edge.

The Laboratory School has a four year curriculum. Said Mr. Seyfert:

No attempt will be made to speed her through the four years. Our ob-ject is rather to slow her down.

By the time she finishes tenth grade, however, she will be mentally and socially equipped to enter the U. of C. College.

Adrian's heart is set on a career of fashion designing.

It was at the request of one of

grades. She would stagnate there. "So the Laboratory School was the only way out. She will fill in many blanks in her cultural back-ground. Up to now her reading has been hit-or-miss. At the University of Chicago school it will be guided." According to her mother, Adrian started her giant educational strides when she started talking at one year of age. At the end of six more months she had learned the alphabet.

Said Mrs. Gordon:

"She would pick up the news paper and point to letters in the headlines and ask, 'What's that?' 'It wasn't long before she knew all the letters and figures.'"

When Adrian was just past the age of three, she read her first book, "We Are Four," a story for children. It was at that time also that she be-came fascinated with poetry.

her grammar school teachers, Mrs. Adelaide Payne, that Adrian took the entrance examinations.

On the basis of her examinations, Adrian was given a \$400 grant to attend the school. Said Mrs. Payne:

"We felt that if Adrian went on a public high school she might be-maladjusted from association with older children."

"But there was nothing further to challenge her in grammar school

Adrian's mother, David Gordon, who quotes Shelley to his daughter and gets answers in quotations from Keats, Byron, Lewis Carroll, and Lawrence Dunbar, the Psalmist David, or the Apostle John.

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Here's Adrian Gordon, 10, So Smart She Could Compete In High School With 14-Year-Olds. Instead, She's Entering University of Chicago's Laboratory School, Listed as a Genius. At the School They Will Retard Her Progress In Order to Give Her Natural Talents Full Opportunity to Flower . . . And After School Hours She Loves to Play Softball!

To avoid disappointment this Christmas, choose your Parker "51" today. Last year, 3 out of every 4 who sought this world's most-wanted pen had to go without. It can happen again. So see your Parker "51" dealer today while a selection is available. Know the joy of solving one of your major gift problems so pleasantly, so early, and so well. Choice of smart gift colors and individualized points. \$12.50 and \$15.00. Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

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Plantation House—gleaming white
through the dark beauty of ancient live oaks. Its classic lines reflect a great
tradition in American architecture—its air of gracious welcome is a symbol of
Southern hospitality—part of the American Scene. Painted by Ogden Pleissner.



Throughout this nation of coffee lovers **MORE PEOPLE BUY
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Because that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor adds so much
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Good to the Last Drop!



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● Tune in ... Maxwell House Coffee Time ... starring George Burns and Gracie Allen, NBC, Thursday Night

By Booton Herndon

The DIGNITY of LABOR- Bellhops

Edward A. Goyke, a bellhop at the Morrison hotel in Chicago, found a neat packet left behind in a room. The guest, a sailor, returned and Goyke gave him the money. Then he refused a large bill offered to him,

saying the package looked like a carefully-prepared gift. "Yes," answered the boy shyly, "for my mother. She's never seen this much money."

On another occasion, Goyke helped a guest pack up to leave the hotel, despite the fact that the guest had come down with mumps and warned him away. The man, a stranger in Chicago, had been unable to find a hospital which would admit him, and Goyke fixed that, too. His thoughtfulness paid off in a generous tip after the guest had departed.

Kenneth Carlson Bradley, a bellhop in Los Angeles, was once kind to Gladys George, the actress. He had waited on her before, and when she went back to Los Angeles after an illness, he went up to see her. "He was the only one of all the people who came up to show understanding and sweetness," Miss George says. The actress and the bellhop were recently wed.

Another bellman by the name of Franklin Howard Buck married a musical comedy star, Amy Leslie, several years ago.

That bellman is now the famous cowboy and wild animal trainer, Frank "Bring 'Em Back Alive" Buck. Bellmen have more to do than find romance, however. Frank Biscaglia, queried by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation on two suspicious guests who had stopped in the Lincoln Hotel in New York, got a hunch and showed the agents the guests' laundry package. The man had said they were merchant seamen, and yet there was army underwear in the package.

They turned out to be Nazi spies, and were given life. Arnold Savitay fell back on his experiences in World War I to perform an unusual service for a guest in the Sherman Hotel of Chicago. The guest, a salesman, was ready to close the deal with a customer when he discovered he'd lost his price list. He called on Savitay to talk to the customer and held him while he checked his office by long-distance. Savitay had no idea what to talk about, but it soon came out that both men had been in the British army.

Two hours after the salesman had come back with the prices, Savitay and the customer were still fighting the war. The salesman still hadn't closed the deal when the customer got up to go. He was even more burned up when the customer turned to Savitay and asked him if the salesman was reliable.

"Well," answered Savitay, "he stops here every week, he's always sober and courteous, and his checks are good."

That was small solace for the salesman, when he saw his prospect walk out. The next day, however, he sought out Savitay, and with a big grin, handed him \$30. He'd gotten a bigger order than he'd hoped for.

"Romance pays better," says J. A. Jones, manager of the Sherman. "When I was a bellhop I tipped off a lovesick young man when his sweetheart was left unguarded by her parents. He dashed to the phone and pleaded with her to come."

"I have an idea everything turned out all right, because he gave me a \$100 tip."

When Floyd delivered her to the soldier, and saw the two young people melt in each other's arms, it was reward enough.

Bellmen receive most of their income from tips, sometimes large, sometimes small. Asa Williams gave super service to an Indian potentate, a guest in his Washington hotel. When the guest left, he called Williams in, handed him a pile of old magazines and newspapers, and said: "You have been faithful servant. Sell these. Keep money for yourself."

When Edward A. Goyke, bellhop at the Morrison hotel in Chicago, found a neat packet left behind in a room, he opened it and found 20 \$20 bills. The guest, a sailor, returned and Goyke gave him the money. Then he refused a large bill offered to him,

saying the package looked like a carefully-prepared gift.

"Yes," answered the boy shyly, "for my mother. She's never seen this much money."

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Actress Gladys George, Recovering From an Illness, Found Bellhop Bradley So Sweet and Understanding She Married Him.



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Looks like lipstick in its stunning case but glide it onto your lips and all of a sudden your heart sings . . . it's just that beautiful! For you'll see your lips not covered with pasty coating, but very well dressed in concentrated, *living color* that keeps its full lively color-beauty through every minute of every hour you wear it, including cocktails, dinner and all. And all the while your lips feel OH! so smooth! I worked for seven long years to perfect my "LIPCOLOR" principle of living color for your lips to wear, and now I offer it to you in the seven most heavenly shades you have ever seen—all new! See them—choose the one that's luckiest for you, at your favorite department or drugstore. \$1 tax extra.



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There are Seven

Heavenly LIPCOLORS... STARDUST—For night only—startlingly beautiful on anyone under electric light... REDDER THAN—So clear, so very red! Oh, so provocative... STAR RUBY—An exquisite gem ruby hue sprinkled with the blue from sapphires... CRIMSON BRONZE—A quietly racy brown red that sings clearly but softly... BRIDAL PINK—The freshest, rosiest pink ever... MOONDUST—A soft luchsia that gathers golden glamour under nighttime lights... COY SIREN—An audacious scarlet—with a disarming air.



"What's Going On Here? I've Already Got Two Blankets on Me and an Overcoat!" But the Elaborate Attention the Old Man Received From His Son-in-Law Merely Added Another Chapter to the Harris Family Troubles.

By Kathleen Doyle

TO MRS. ELIZABETH "BUFFY" HARRIS, her husband's three-volume diary was strictly a headache. Instead of revealing his frailties in the two years of their marriage, it catalogued hers.

The time she kept him up all night waiting on her father, the 50 different occasions on which she called him names, her disconcerting preoccupation with death—his death, that is—all these Myron Harris noted in a little leatherbound book he bought for himself as a wedding present, and on the pages of two additional volumes.

So that when their marriage wound up in a California divorce court with each bringing charges against the other, Myron was able to reel off dates, number of alleged offenses and accompanying circumstances with embarrassing accuracy.

He was able to swear, for instance, that on April 10, 1946, "Buffy" accused him of leaving the door open so she would catch cold, and the night of October 30 that same year she awakened him from a sound sleep to accuse him of "fixing" a traffic ticket for another woman.

Some of the entries read by Myron a dignified 59-year-old lawyer partial to neat blue suits and high, laced shoes—so enthused the spectators at the trial that one of the court sessions had to be adjourned early.

That was the afternoon he quoted the incident about his 36-year-old wife's father. At 2 a. m. she had awakened him to say, "My father has only a sheet over him. He's an old man. Go put something over him."

"What am I, a nursemaid?" Myron had demanded. After he covered her father with an overcoat, he claimed he returned to bed only to have her order, "I don't think that's enough. He may catch cold. Go and

get him a hot water bottle at once."

"I said, 'Dearie, he's all right.' But she insisted, so I got it."

"About that time the old man raised up and shouted 'What's going on here? I've already got two blankets and an overcoat on me!'"

"When I got back to bed, she said, 'If he won't take the hot water bottle, get him a hot drink.' I got him the drink but he wouldn't take it."

"In the morning, 'Buffy' looked at me and said, 'You look terrible; like you'd been out all night!'"

Mr. Harris' almanac of distress wasn't limited to a play-by-play account of the verbal skirmishes that disrupted his domestic life with the blond divorcee who had been his client.

As read to the court, it also itemized 23 unwifely actions committed from March 3, 1945—less than a month after the wedding—when he said she pulled his hair and hit him on the head, to March 1, 1947, the day he claimed she all but ran him down with his own automobile.

According to his record, it was March 15, 1946, that she began to talk about his death. That was the day, he said, she remarked, "People said I married a fine fellow. What a laugh!

I would love to see you die. I am going to get rid of you!"

The next morning, he averred, she added, "I hope you get killed today. I hate you!" And on June 14, he charged, she sent him off to the office with the cheery observation, "I hope the next time I see you will be in the morgue."

On November 18 it was double pneumonia she wished on him. But by the following January she seems to have changed her mind when—she noted—she said, "Any kind of death would be too good for you."

Like most lawyers, Myron prefers his facts in black and white. They show up better in court. He never wasted any time in getting them on paper, either.

According to "Buffy" he'd hardly slipped the band on her finger before he began to jot down every item that might be construed as cruelty.

Whenever they had an argument, or she did anything that displeased him, he would solemnly transcribe the "evidence."

"Buffy" on the contrary, trusted to memory. And her memories of marriage with Myron are studded with incidents that never rated notebook space from him. They go back

to the days of their engagement when he hired a detective to shadow her, and to the time he bought her a wedding ring in Chinatown for \$2.10.

Then there was the day he pinned her to the wall, according to her complaint, shoved his knee against her and said, "I could kneel you to death."

On another occasion, she remembered, he pressed his thumb into the hollow of her throat and warned her, "Some day you'll force me to go just a little further."

But it was not until February 13, 1947, that "Buffy" decided she had enough. That was the night some guileless musician played "The End of the Trail" on the radio. With the last strains of this selection, she alleged, Myron turned a gun on her, remarking, "This is the end of the trail for you."

Taking him at his word, she ran to the bathroom and locked the door. Then "while he roared his denunciations," she "emerged into the night through the window and fled in my nightgown, never to return."

Just to be sure she wouldn't forget him, said Mrs. Harris, her husband hired detectives who led her a "fish-bowl" life and tried to date her.

The court had her word that she and her husband lived together while they were waiting for the State Judicial Council to import an "impartial" judge. Because Myron is the son of the presiding judge of the Alameda County Superior Court where the case was heard, Superior Judge Stanley Mosk was brought up from Los Angeles to decide which contestant was entitled to the divorce.

In awarding the decree to Myron, Judge Mosk held that "Buffy" had abused her husband more than his "penurious" nature deserved.

The court decided that "Buffy" was entitled to only \$5,000 of her husband's \$175,000 bankroll—and to none of the money in their joint account. She accepted this latter ruling with a smile. Her husband, she said, was welcome to the balance of \$1.85 in their one-time mutual fund.

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Its sturdy Valve-in-Head Engine has delivered
more miles, for more owners, over a longer
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NEW DRUG for BREAKING

THE Dope Habit



**Alma Rubens,
Hollywood
Actress,
Succumbed to
Drug Addiction.
Her Life and
Many Others
Could Have Been
Saved Through
the Use of the
New Drug
Amidone.**

By G. B. Lal

A NEW drug, the equal, and in some conditions superior to, morphine as a "pain killer," and which also gives great promise of aiding in the prevention and treatment of narcotic addiction, is about to come into general medical use in this country.

The drug was brought out of Germany in 1945, where it was widely used during the war under the name of Amidone.

This preparation has been under intensive medical and laboratory investigations in this country, and the Federal Security Agency has suggested the name Methadon.

The drug will be available to medical practice when certain investigations are completed—under diverse proprietary names. Methadon also An-148 (Abbott), Dolophine (Eli Lilly), Adanon (Winthrop Chemical).

Authorities, who have been experimenting with the drug, agree that it can be substituted for morphine.

It has been suggested Methadon may be useful in stopping addiction to morphine, cocaine and other opiates.

A report of one case indicates what may occur. The patient was transferred from morphine to the new drug. Even when morphine was taken completely away from him, he apparently showed no "withdrawal symptoms" such as yawning, weeping, tremors, gooseflesh, restlessness, loss of weight and appetite, anxiety, and digestive and heart disturbances. Methadon provided the needed crutch to bear the abstinence from morphine. Then, at the proper time, Methadon too was withdrawn.

There was hardly any discomfort from the withdrawal of the new chemical, which indicated that the addiction was practically broken.

However, Methadon does not produce the "euphoria," the feeling of excitation which comes to the addict from cocaine or other narcotics. Its beneficial effect, from the viewpoint of addiction, is derived from its pain relieving properties.

The drug is regarded as "habit forming to a degree," by German as well as American investigators.

But apparently, there's some difference between the mild habit forming of the new drug and the persistent addiction to other narcotics.

At the University of Michigan, Drs. L. A. Woods and M. H. Seevers had a group of monkeys which had become advanced morphine addicts. When they were deprived of their dope, the animals suffered terribly. Then they were given a preparation of Amidone. This fully relieved the morphine abstinence symptoms. Subsequently even this drug was taken away, but the monkeys now lived normally.

When a patient has never been a morphine addict, the tendency towards addiction from the use of the new drug is so much less than from consumption of morphine that they seem widely different pain killers.

At the Mayo Clinic, Drs. Allen A. Gentling and John S. Lundy used Methadon (Abbott, AN-148) for about six months on 106 patients, suffering from a wide variety of diseases.

At least two of these patients had received "exceptionally large quantities of the drug, but no tendency to addiction has been observed," the physicians say in their report, published in "The Proceedings of the

Staff Meeting of the Mayo Clinic

The German physician, whom the American investigators E. C. Kleiderer, J. B. Rice, V. Conquest and J. H. Williams, questioned about Amidone, said that in his practice (106 cases of major surgery) there was no case in which addiction to the drug had developed, although cocaine and morphine addicts were successfully transferred to Amidone.

In this country, Methadon has been used in all sorts of surgical and medical cases, especially when good muscular relaxation was not required, and pain relief has been dramatic.

One woman was expecting a child in two months, when she suffered a ruptured appendix. There was immediate danger that the baby would be born prematurely, for she had given birth to premature babies previously. Labor pains had started. Two tablets of the new pain killing chemical were fed to her, with relief of pain. A few more tablets were given. All pain vanished. Premature delivery was prevented.

Dr. Elizabeth B. Troxil, of the University of Minnesota, reports that in a series of 300 patients fully 85 per cent were relieved of pain of all types, and only 15 per cent suffered from the kind of discomfort which is caused, in sensitive persons, by morphine—dizziness, dryness of mouth, nausea, loss of memory, stupor. The favorably affected majority of patients said that the new drug "was as good or better than morphine and isonipacaine (a cocaine relative)."

In potency, as a reliever of pain, the new chemical is three to ten times more effective than Demerol (a synthetic "substitute" for opiates). It is inferior to morphine and Demerol in relieving childbirth pain, although it can be used in combination with barbiturates and other drugs to produce the desired effect.

Despite the new promise given by Methadon, neither this chemical, nor Demerol nor any other pain allaying drug can be regarded as completely "safe," from the viewpoint of addiction. At present, it is listed among narcotics or potentially habit or addiction forming substances.

But experience with thousands of cases, which remain to be treated, may show that it is the safest narcotic drug yet produced. Chemists, however, are still seeking to develop better pain killers—substances which would abolish suffering without any tendency to addiction.

Tricks and Treats by Ann Pillsbury

SAME NEAT TRICK SUPPLIES COOKIES!

Drop cookies and roll-em-outs— you can make them both from a single recipe. So now you can find time for Halloween baking! They are easy-pleasing, taste-tempting and

typical of the way *everything* you bake turns out when you use Pillsbury's Best and follow Ann Pillsbury's unusual time-and-temperature hints. Try 'em, won't you?

Ann Pillsbury's COOKIE MASQUERADE

Makes 2 dozen large cookies

Bake at 425° F. for 8 to 10 minutes.
Sift together... 2 cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves
Add... 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 cup shortening
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
1 cup molasses
Beat... for 2 minutes until well blended and smooth

Drop... by tablespoonfuls onto greased baking sheet, allowing room for spreading. Flatten slightly.
Bake... in moderately hot oven (350° F.) for 8 to 10 minutes.
Decorate... with Creamy Butter Frosting (one-half recipe is sufficient for cookies). A cone made from heavy paper may be used as a decorating tube.

Rolling Cookies: Roll 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 cup additional flour into dough stiff enough to roll. Use cardboard patterns and a sharp pointed knife to cut shapes. Bake on cookie sheets.

Hint: Your menus with Ann Pillsbury's *Tricks and Treats* are packed in every bag. Best results are guaranteed when Pillsbury's Best is used in this recipe.

TWO TEMPTATIONS— ONE EASY RECIPE!

With a sly wink to the goblin in your block, Ann Pillsbury displays her Halloween wares. And lest you suspect witchcraft and hours of work, she hastens to say that

with only one basic *Quick-Mix* recipe, a little ingenuity, and the *fast* or Pillsbury's Best for modern baking, both the squares and the cupcakes are yours! Like this, see...

Ann Pillsbury's HARLEQUIN SQUARES and CUPCAKES

Makes two 8 inch square layers

Bake at 325° F. for 40 to 45 minutes. All ingredients must be at room temperature.

Sift together... 2 1/2 cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour
4 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 1/2 cups sugar
Add... 1 cup shortening
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
Beat... for 2 minutes until batter is well-blended (With electric mixer use medium speed for same time).
Add... 1 cup milk
3 eggs, unwhipped
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
Beat... for 2 minutes

Pour... 2 1/2 cups batter into lightly greased, heated, 8-inch square layer cake pan. Blend in... 2 squares (12 oz.) chocolate, melted, to remaining half of batter.
Pour... dark batter into second layer cake pan.
Bake... at 325° F. for 40 to 45 minutes. Cool.

Cupcakes: Pour batter into 2 1/2 inch muffin pans, filling 15 to 16 full. Bake at 325° F. for 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 24 cupcakes.

Creamy Butter Frosting: Cream 4 tablespoons butter. Blend in 4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar. Add 1/4 cup hot cream, a little at a time, until of spreading consistency. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. 75 half teaspoon. Add 1 square (2 oz.) chocolate, melted, to other half. Beat thoroughly. Frost

You Bake your **Best** with Pillsbury's Best



Women



*Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.*
Matthew Prior (1664-1721)

EITHER women's faults are more numerous since the pre-war days or the law is becoming a little less blind to them.

Compared with the previous year, the distaff branch of the nation's wrongdoers appeared somewhat less active in 1946, but figures released recently by the Department of Justice showed that 18.9 per cent more women were arrested in that twelvemonth than in 1941, the last year before we got rambunctious.

A few scattered drops from the crest of this feminine crime wave may give some indication why the postwar percentages are so high.

Embezzlement and fraud, up 48 per cent.

It might be hard to convince Florence Edler Volkens that crime doesn't pay. She embezzled \$10,000 from a bank in Carmel, Calif., in which she was assistant cashier. She was so highly regarded that when she confessed, it took her a week to persuade the bank officials that she was telling the truth. She gave the bank back not only the \$10,000, but \$3,000 she had earned by investing it wisely. A Federal judge put her on

With Her "Crime School" in Session, Mrs. Virginia Clark Receives Loot From One Small Pupil While Three Others Inspect a Likely House Across the Street.

probation for two years and told her she was entitled to the extra \$5,000—which she didn't get.

Robbery, up 49.7 per cent.

An attractive dark-haired woman in a gray fur coat walked up to a teller's cage in the Des Moines Bank & Trust Company, tossed a large manila envelope on the counter and said:

"This is a stickup. The place is covered inside and out. Get busy."

The teller put \$500 in the envelope and shoved it toward her.

"That's not enough," she said loudly, raising a glass syringe above her head. "I've got nitroglycerine in here. Fill up that envelope!"

The teller stuffed \$2,450 more in the envelope. Forty patrons and 20 bank employees stood motionless as she picked it up and strolled out.

An hour later Mrs. Opal Dixon, 36, mother of two unusually pretty teen-aged daughters, was

Illustrated by DAVID ATTIE

arrested as she left an adjacent office building. She admitted the crime and also was identified as the woman who, concealing a pistol under her coat, had robbed a St. Louis bank a month earlier.

The syringe, filled with mouthwash, and the money, except for \$14, were found hidden in a washroom of the office building.

Her reason: "My husband wanted me to go back to a life of shame to support him. I needed enough money to get away from him and keep my girls away from him." An all-woman jury convicted her and a judge sent her away for life.

Captured half a block from the St. Louis liquor store she had robbed of \$90 at gun's point, sultry Geraldine Coker, 22, said she quarreled with her mother, moved to a hotel, saw the gun (a plastic toy) in a store, decided she could use it to raise enough to pay her hotel bill.

Mrs. Evelyn Cornish Globaker, 26, of Houston, Tex., a former University of Oklahoma co-ed, vanished eight days after her marriage, leaving a suicide note and a torn marriage license in a tourist home in Atlanta, Ga. She surrendered to

Against The Law

police in Dallas, Tex., and confessed a \$75 restaurant stickup in Mobile, Ala. When a judge sentenced her to ten years, the minimum, she said: "I thank you."

Forgery and counterfeiting, up 89.9 per cent

Naive Helen McCarr, and her husband, Edwin, were picked up in Denver for bouncing \$1,000 worth of checks. Helen explained: "When I married Edwin in Little Rock five years ago, I was only 18 and just out of a convent. I promised to love, honor and obey and I meant every word of it. When he told me I would have to pass some forged checks for him because our money was gone, I objected, but he reminded me of my vows, so I took the checks out and cashed them."

In Washington, D. C., Mrs. Mabel Pritchard organized some of her in-laws and a neighborhood gang of boys to loot mail boxes of U. S. savings bonds and government checks addressed to de-



pendents of soldiers, old-age pensioners and persons on relief. Names were removed from ration books, draft cards and other stolen credentials, and the names on the checks were substituted. With this forged identification, the checks were cashed with careless shopkeepers.

Mabel insisted her husband, Warner Lee Pritchard, forced her into crime and even threatened her with a knife when she showed reluctance, but the case against the husband was dismissed while Mabel got from two to five years in prison.

Offenses against family and children, up 187 per cent

Mrs. Virginia Clark, a 40-year-old widow, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was accused of tutoring four 12-year-old girls, including her own daughter, in burglaries which brought in \$40,000, and was convicted of receiving stolen property (Up 25.3 per cent). She has a son, 6, and another daughter, 15.

The girls said she took them on tours, trained them to watch for housewives who were at their front windows or in their yards, and then to whisk into the place and pick up anything they could find. After more than 100 jobs at her direction, they said they branched out on their own, keeping all cash for themselves but giving Mrs. Clark jewelry and other plunder to sell.

After her 10-year-old son was caught tapping a gas station cash register, attractive, red-haired, 32-year-old Mrs. Margaret Killmon was taken in custody in an Oakland, Calif., hotel where she had registered with a Navy petty officer. Said she: "Gracious, I didn't know where Sonny was!"

Gambling, up 112.2 per cent

On a tip, New York City police entered a pet shop and found Helen Theis, 25, almost knee-deep in live rabbits. They were about to leave with apologies when they saw a phone wire leading through a panel. They removed the panel and disclosed Sara Handel, 25, sitting at a phone with 51 betting slips. Helen admitted she operated the bookie hatch, averaging \$300 a week and employing Sara at \$45 weekly, plus commissions. A judge told them: "You girls are pretty enough to be in show business." Their reply: "Know of any jobs?"

Possessing firearms, up 69.4 per cent

COMMENTING on the postwar increase of crime among women, Director J. Edgar Hoover of the Department of Justice told *The American Weekly*:

"From the strategic position she occupies in the national effort to stem the rising tide of lawlessness, woman is met with both a challenge and a warning. She reaps what she has sown."

"The influence of a good mother in the home is the world's mightiest force in shaping tomorrow's men and women. Society's future is in her hands, and that is what makes this current trend more tragic. A rise in juvenile crime may be a direct reflection of the present increase in female arrests."

"Our greatest hope lies in the combined efforts of the millions of upright women—mothers, teachers and others—genuinely concerned with the problem. Their wholesome influence, understanding and spirit must and will prevail against the forces tearing away at the internal strength of America."

An excited bartender phoned the New York City police: "There's a dame in here with a gun. I saw it when she opened her bag to pay for a beer." When a radio cop picked her up and found a fully-loaded .38 calibre pistol in her pocketbook, Lillian Stang, 23, said: "Oh, that! It belongs to Frank. I met him this evening and he asked me to mind his gun for him." Who was Frank? "Why, you must know Frank. He told me he was a policeman!" It wasn't a police pistol. Lillian was toted off to tell her story to a judge.

Larceny and theft, up 34.2 per cent

Helen Tirko, 18, arrived at a big New York department store about the same time that Mrs. Yella Goldman came in to buy a coat. Helen slipped her own behind a partition and approached Mrs. Goldman with "Can I help you?" "Why, certainly," Mrs. G. said, indicating a gray number she liked. "That will be \$26.15," said Helen, looking at the tag. "Thank you. It will take a few minutes to wrap it." When Helen slipped her own coat on and started to walk out, three-store detectives converged on her. "I never did it before and I won't do it again," Helen said.

When there were no customers to wait on in her father's Baltimore restaurant, Mary Constantine, 18, read the society pages. She thought she'd like to look like the debutantes, so she made the rounds of the city's best stores, buying as much as \$2,000 worth of clothes a day and charging them to the debt she had read about. Her shopping spree lasted only a few days. There was \$14,000 worth of finery in her home when police arrived. A judge suspended a two-year term and advised Mary to consult a psychiatrist.

Jailed after \$18 worth of shoplifting from three Boston stores, Hope Donaway Dilts, an osteopath and an attractive bride of two weeks, explained: "This was a scientific experiment in connection with some research work I am doing. I intended to give everything back." She got a suspended sentence of six months.

Criminal homicide, down 2.6 per cent

When Rene Cote was slain beside the Christmas tree in his home at Brockton, Mass., last Yule season, his 28-year-old wife, Bertha, told

police he had been beaten to death by his partner, Walter Steele, with whom she said she had been more than friendly. Steele denied the murder and the intimacy. Three weeks later he was freed and she was arrested for the crime. She stuck to her story until the middle of her trial, when she suddenly admitted she had bludgeoned her husband because his cruelties "had brought me to the end of my endurance." Bleeding guilty to manslaughter, she got 3½ years.

Because a neighbor ridiculed the appearance of her home, Mrs. Rose Krippen, a 47-year-old ranch woman who lived near Great Falls, Mont., put insect poison in his flour bin. He and his wife and son became gravely ill, but escaped death because they had consumed so much of the poison that it acted as its own antidote.

Burglary, up 31 per cent

When Betty Margaret Pitt arrived from England to join her GI husband, he told her his parents didn't approve of the marriage, which was thereupon annulled. She was 23, blond and pretty. She always had just the right air when she walked up to a hotel desk, asked if there were any messages for Room So-and-so, and added: "Well, then, let me have the key." When she was arrested after having worked the trick in a dozen New York City hotels, she had \$25,000 worth of jewelry, clothes and furs, and 19 hotel keys. "I had to live, didn't I?" she asked.

But there is some comfort for members of the gentler sex. During 1946, men were arrested for 576,689 crimes; women for only 68,742.



A Plastic Toy Gun Almost Got Geraldine Coker Enough Money to Pay Her Hotel Bill.



With one touch of magic— The hair men love!

Honey blonde—stunning brunette—ravishing redhead or silvery gray—whatever type you may be, remember, your hair will always attract the eyes of men when it sparkles with silken softness, gleams with highlights and shadows, delights with clean fragrance. For men love *natural* hair-appeal. And today more and more women of all ages are discovering that one touch of magic—a Lustre-Creme Shampoo—brings out the full natural glory of their hair... quickly (no special rinse)... easily... inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid,

Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that introduces a new glamorous look, a wonderful *obedience*, to your hair! Try it.

Make yours The Hair Men Love with the magic of one Lustre-Creme Shampoo. At all cosmetic counters.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

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See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. And see how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you had given it a hard brushing.

Four ounces \$1.00
Family 1 lb. \$3.50
Also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes

Iron Horses

By Horace Wade

IT HAS become increasingly apparent to farm players, who pour millions into the mutuel machines daily, that while the modern thoroughbred race horse runs faster than his ancestors, he doesn't run nearly as often or last as long.

The records show that new world and track records are constantly being set on today's lightning-fast racing strips, yet few of the current speedsters can approach the iron-lunged endurance of the old timers.

Perhaps the most durable of all was George De Mar, who went to the post 333 times in a dozen years.

Assault recently became a \$375,000 winner on his 28th appearance under silks. George De Mar raced that often in his 12th year alone.

Yet where Assault won more than \$375,000 for his efforts, old George had to be content with purses of less than \$70,000 for 60 wins.

Matinee Idol was another ancient gelding who watched 13 years fade beyond the horizon before he followed them into the sunset.

Winner of only three races as a two-year-old, he won 15 races at the age of nine. He also started 333 times matching George De Mar for iron-clad consistency.

The mention of "iron horses" brings the name of Tippetty Witchet immediately to mind. An outstanding prospect at the age of two when he carried the iron brown and blue of Harry Payne Whitney to victory in 14 of his 29 starts, Tippetty Witchet was still going strong 12 years later.

By then he had said "hardy" to the starter just 286 times, and when his speed was exhausted he continued to serve the turf as a lead pony, escorting horses to the post.

Tippy earned \$38,421, heavy shekels in those days but a bag of beans as compared to Assault's financial prowess. Yet he won his hard way—on all sorts of tracks and in every brand of weather as he came down to the judges 73 times.

In his 11th year when he failed to score a single win, it seemed as if old Father Time was catching up with him. Actually Tippetty Witchet was only stopping to catch his breath. A year later he annexed 12 sets of brackets out of 42 starts, just to rock Daddy Time back on his heels.

Dr. Clark was contemporaneous with Tippetty Witchet, and between them (both sons of Broomstick, by the way) they had more iron than a carload of raisins.

In over-all activity the Doctor was only a single start away from his brother with 265 starts and 44 wins.

Certainly the thoroughbred of today, when compared to such old war boats of the past, must be rated hot house plants of the animal world.

When Seabiscuit stepped up to the starting gate 35 times in his two-year-old form, a vociferous cry arose that he was on the verge of ruin. Cold figures reveal just the opposite. In his juvenile form he won \$12,510; his final tabulation of 89 starts raised his finances to \$437,730.

Under today's standard of values Seabiscuit rates as an "iron horse"; matched against Seth's Hope with 327 starts, Scimitar with 238; Irene's Bob with 237 or the temperamental Care Free with 227, he emerges as something of a "softy," leading an inactive and sequestered life.

The iron in thoroughbred veins is not always measured by the total of his starts in competition. Al Tarr's Rushaway attracted headlines a few years ago in achieving the apparently incredible feat of winning two Derbies

When Tippetty Witchet Stowed Down in His 11th Year It Seemed as if Father Time Had at Last Overhauled Him—But a Year Later He Came Back to Win a Dozen Starts and Widen the Gap Again.



Illustrated by
LEE CONREY

in two days at widely separated racing centers. He drove to victory in the Aurora Derby, was loaded into a van and the next day found the payoff station in the Latonia Derby.

Ed Corrigan, the "Master of Hawthorne," once sent out his steel-ribbed Winslow to accomplish the even more remarkable task of winning the first race of the day on the flat and the seventh race over the steeplechase course. Unlike Seabiscuit, Winslow had not been raced at all until he was four years old, but averaged 10 wins a year for his next four seasons.

Steeplechase horses are usually horses who have lost their speed or zest for going on the flat, and trickle into this hazardous sport in a final despairing effort to add to their master's bankroll. Actually, they have a much easier time of it than their cousins on the skinned course.

Lack of opportunity is a dominant factor in this, rather than unwillingness of their owners to campaign

them. A race every one or two weeks, if that often, is their assignment.

Grand Vedette would have considered such an existence definitely on the pale side. He was once entered in the first and last races on an all-steeplechase program at United Harts, and won both starts.

Of all "iron horses" and durable dobbins, Sidney Lucas is generally accorded the palm. He thrilled racegoers of the mauve decade as much by his courage as by his consistency. The latter was reflected in victories in the American Derby and other classics of the season; the former by his debut in the role of iron horse as a two-year-old when he ran in and won two races in a single day.

It is a record which still stands among the youngsters. Later, at old Washington Park, he won a mile and an eighth handicap one afternoon, rested overnight and was entered in two races the following day, showing his iron stamina by winning

one and being narrowly necked out in the second.

Probably the fact Tom McC was named after a politician accounts for his own long-winded habits. Tom won an afternoon race at Aqueduct, and the same night a contest at Maspath. It was a day in which, there were no horse vans, so Tom McC walked the long ten miles to Maspath where he romped to his victory.

In its early days Agawam Park had less than 150 horses stabled on the grounds, due to some doubt as to the financial stability of the racing organization. In this emergency the horse, Nealon Kay, stepped into the breach.

To help fill the daily races this "Old Ironsides" of the turf appeared in the entries every day for an entire week, winning three races. Back in the '30s another horse, Aloha, accomplished a more impressive feat in winning three races on successive afternoons.

The day of the iron horse, with rare exceptions, is past. Assault with his 28 starts has stepped into the aluminum shoes of George De Mar; the high money winner succeeds the honest and game hard-hitting plater.

No longer are horses permitted, under racing rules, to be entered in two races in a single day, unless one of these be a handicap or stake, and even then he must be scratched from one event by post-time.

Perhaps this rule is for the best. Back in 1914, Vireland, the Canadian wonder horse, won two races in one day at Toronto. The next morning he was dead of a ruptured heart.



Bartered BRIDES

By Eugene Francis

THE aging Princess Hatzfeldt von Wildenburg was holding court for the last time in majestic Folljon House near Windsor Castle.

Young men and women of British nobility, some of whom hoped to be treated handsomely in her will, gave her their fawning attention.

"Y'know," drawled the American born princess, running her thin fingers over a section of a 15-foot rope of pearls, "y'know I have frequently been referred to as The Cinderella Girl. And there are points of similarity.

"As I recall, her coach was drawn by mice; mine was drawn, you might say, by a fleet of American railway locomotives.

"The original Cinderella caught her Prince Charming because her foot fitted a glass slipper. I caught mine because I had five million American dollars that fitted the pressing needs of the late Prince Francis Hatzfeldt von Wildenburg.

"I never had a glass slipper but at a fancy dress ball given by dear Lady Barrymore I wore sandals—with diamonds set in the straps!"

The audience waited attentively. The princess yawned and continued:

"Tell me, what happened to Cinderella after she caught her Prince Charming?"

"She lived happily ever after—according to the story book," one young man answered.

"Ah," sighed the princess, "there the similarity ends. I seemed always to have the power of twisting men around my little finger—but the power didn't bring me happiness, for long."

CLAIRE PRENTICE, better known as Clara, who was to become a famous American bartered bride with her doing most of the bartering, actually began twisting men around her little finger a couple of years after her birth in Sacramento, Calif.

Her father was Edward Prentice, a struggling grocer who lost his life in a flood while Clara was still in the toddling stage.

Clara was told he had gone away on a visit.

"Clara was always expecting to see her

Clara Appeared at the Ball as Queen Esther, Favorite of Xerxes, Arrayed in a \$4,000 Gown and a 15-Foot Rope of Pearls. She Wore Sandals With Straps That Sparkled With Diamonds and No Stockings.

Illustrated by
**CHRISTOPHER
STORM**

father come back," Mrs. Prentice said. "Every time the door opened she was sure it was her daddy.

"When Mr. Huntington first came to see us, the baby stretched out her hands as the door opened and ran to him, crying:

"Papa! Papa!"

That act was to insure Clara's future. Collis P. Huntington at that time, the 1860s, was just starting his climb to fame and fortune as a railroad baron and developer of California. He had married the sister of Mrs. Edward Prentice, but no children had arrived.

Clara, the toddler, was a beautiful baby, with two huge sparkling eyes her greatest assets.

Collis Huntington took her in his arms at the first meeting, and went home to tell his childless wife:

"I want that baby. Do you suppose her mother would give her up?"

It so happened that Clara's mother would give her up, regretfully, but as an economic measure. There were four other children in the family, and the widow was hard pressed to feed and clothe them. Although adopted by Uncle Collis, Clara would still be in the family, so to speak.

The process of spoiling the beautiful child got under way immediately. Imperious was the word for Clara, even in her pigtails.

Her beauty increased with the Huntington fortune and both became internationally known.

Clara made her debut, looked over the field of suitors in America, and decided to go shopping for a title. The tour led to Homburg, fashionable watering place, where Prince Francis Hatzfeldt

von Wildenburg became interested in her.

The prince was homely, even by Continental standards of those days, but he owned one of the best titles money could buy. His family held the greatest offices in the German Empire and an uncle was then German Ambassador in London.

FRANCIS could have married royalty, without any trouble, but his royal acquaintances didn't have any more money than he possessed, which was none. He had gambled away his fortune and had lost as much as 500,000 marks on one card.

The prince was ready to talk business before the trip to the altar, and arranged an interview with his prospective father-in-law, Huntington. The railroad baron made what he considered a magnanimous gesture.



Clara Prentice — Cinderella Princess

But one thing, there were too many princesses running around the country and she became lost in the shuffle.

Then, too, she was practically a prisoner in her castle. Her husband dictated her every move, something that Clara couldn't tolerate.

She moved to London—and the prince, having lost the first installment of the five millions at the gaming tables, followed her and her purse.

Some of Clara's dreams came true in the London of the 'Gay '90s. King Edward entertained her frequently, although her husband was not invited. His frequent law court appearances, resulting from gambling debts and other obligations kept him in the doghouse outside the gates of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and smart London town houses.

Princess Clara became the queen of society, and even dressed the part. At Lady Barrymore's fancy dress ball she elected to appear as Queen Esther, the favorite of Xerxes.

Her gown was reported as having cost \$4,000, without the diamonds, emeralds and rubies that were accessories. She wore a rope of pearls 15 feet in length.

Mayfair gasped when she lifted the hem of her gown to reveal that she wore no stockings.

But the feet which had carried her across the splintered floor of a California kitchen to greet the "papa" who was to make her fortune, weren't exactly bare. They were clad in those celebrated sandals that had straps studded with diamonds worth several thousand dollars.

Next day the princess gave away the costume, except for the pearl lariat.

All of that extravagance ate into her personal fortune and the prince was no help in financial matters. He didn't improve the situation by visiting the historic New York race track at Saratoga.

THE Hatzfeldt purse was nearly flat when Collis P. Huntington died. Everybody conceded that Clara would receive several million dollars.

Instead, the rail king's will ordered that she be given a sum in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

"It leaves me a pauper, practically," cried Clara, the imperious. "I'm his daughter—adopted or natural. It makes no difference. I will contest the will."

In her preliminary steps she didn't get too much support from her mother in the matter of the adoption proceedings. When Clara became a princess, she shunted her mother into the background.

A search of court records in Sacramento failed to reveal the adoption papers.

After Clara had threatened all sorts of "exposures that will shock the nation," a settlement was announced by Huntington's widow and his nephew, Henry E. Huntington. It was reported Clara received \$6,000,000 as full payment.

Prince Francis chuckled gleefully at the prospect of having the Hatzfeldt coffers refilled, but he didn't live long enough to give the gambling resorts an opportunity to get much of the newly found wealth. He died Nov. 4, 1910.

The princess retired into semi-obscurity, for her. At least, there were no more diamond studded sandals.

Clara managed to remain imperious and vivacious until the middle of December, 1928. Then she was forced to bed in her suite in London's swank Berkeley hotel, where one of her last visitors was United States Ambassador Houghton.

She died on December 17, and a curious world speculated as to the way her will would dispose of her fortune. When the terms were announced, there were gasps in Europe and angry outbursts in America.

The gasps were occasioned by the announcement that she had left less than \$2,000,000—and the bulk of this went to an Englishman, Commander Claude Champlon de Crespiigny of the British navy.

The angry outbursts came from the princess's nephew, Edwin Whitman Prentice of San Francisco, who started court action charging "fraud and undue influence." He said he was on very

friendly terms with his aunt and couldn't understand why she had forgotten him in her will.

But there was no sensational court battle; no clenched hands across the sea. Claude Champlon de Crespiigny did not have to emulate his ancestor and give battle to those who dared question the integrity and motives of the Princess Hatzfeldt.

The suit was settled amicably, it was reported, with divers claimants getting various amounts of the money. Money that Clara Prentice, the Cinderella girl, had earned at the age of two by greeting her uncle with the title:

"Papa!"

Other stories about Bartered Brides will appear in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY from time to time.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 25

"Well, Prince," he said. "I have decided to settle \$3,000,000 on you young people. What do you think of that?"

The prince adjusted his monocle.

"I think," he replied, "the sum is insufficient. My estates and position cannot be properly maintained unless I can control the income from \$5,000,000—at least."

"You'll not get it from me," Huntington roared. "Three million is the limit. Take it or leave it!"

"I leave it," said the prince, firmly but with a tinge of regret in his voice. "And I must withdraw my offer of marriage."

"Withdraw and be damned, Sir!"

The engagement was broken, but not for long. On her 14th birthday, Clara had learned for

the first time that Huntington was not her real father and the knowledge had increased her power over the multimillionaire.

He seemed to live in fear that she would renounce him and his household. After his stormy session with the prince, Huntington was given the cold, silent treatment by the imperious Clara for a few days. Then he wilted.

She insisted he settle \$5,000,000 on the prince, with another huge but undisclosed sum to be given to her exclusively.

She married her prince Oct. 28, 1889, at St. Wilfred's Chapel, Brompton Oratory, in London and the couple went to live at Hatzfeldt Castle, Shoonstein-on-the-Rhine, the ancestral estate.

The new princess wasn't happy in Germany.

PREACHER WITH A WALLOP

The Silence of Dr. Magary's Home Was Broken by His Wife's Screaming. When He Heard It and Saw the Glimp of Her Assailant's Gun, He Did Not Hesitate.

Illustrated by
JAMES H. MCCARTHY



By William Engle

IN his shadowy, booklined study, the Rev. Alvin E. Magary sometimes fancies for a moment that he sees before him the menacing glint of a pistol, he can be pardoned.

If it seems to him that he hears, quite sharply, the click of the hammer as it falls on a cartridge which fails to explode, and again and again this click, it can be understood.

The pistol click and hammer glint not long ago were real. Dr. Magary saw and heard. It was then, in his Brooklyn, N. Y., home, that he, at 40, risked his life to defend his 40-year-old wife. He was unarmed; her assailant had the gun.

As it turns out, the brief violence of those few moments, so unforeseen, has a double significance. It revealed him then, by common standards, a hero. Now, in the quiet study, which seems mellowed by a scholar's years of work and alive with his contemplation, he emerges as a cool philosopher.

"Why, of course, I'm not a hero," he said a little while ago. "It's simple to prove. Impulse isn't heroism. It isn't even courage."

He stood beside his great flat-topped desk. It was crowded by books as different as the Biblia Hexaglotta (the Bible in six tongues: Hebrew, Greek, the Latin Vulgate, English Revised Version, German and French), Willie Hoppe on "Billiards," the historical works of Tacitus and Boswell's "Johnson."

His glance roved the four walls, books to the ceiling.

"I didn't learn this, about courage, out of anything between covers," he said. "It comes to you. I don't believe physical courage is worth the word unless you calculate the chances. If the chances are all against you, and you take them, that's physical courage. I didn't calculate any

chances when that gun was clicking."

He stood up from his desk, and walked over to a mantel, deeper in the shadows. He is a tall man, and sinewy. He is big-boned and angular, with broad shoulders. His face is rugged and above it waves a mane of graying hair. You would take him for a scant 60 instead of edging into 70, and his vibrant voice bears this out, too.

"True courage is living day in and day out, with your hope gone and the sky darker every morning. Now, physical courage—that's a different matter. On this night —"

He paused again. He meant the night when the gun clicked.

His street, in Brooklyn, was quiet that night. Mrs. Magary, a talented musician who is the organist in the Lafayette Ave. Presbyterian Church, where Dr. Magary has been pastor for 17 years, was asleep in an upstairs bedroom, one window half open. Her husband, in that still house, couldn't, however, compose himself for rest.

He went down to the kitchen for some warm milk, then to the library to read. It was 1:30 A.M.

He laid aside one of the volumes of the Copeland Translations and was thinking about the book manuscript on the New Testament which he had just finished.

He wondered (he confided the other day) whether he would find a publisher as he had for his earlier work, "Character and Happiness." If he did, would many people care? How much, anyway, were they bound by the code of the spirit?

He heard a scream, then. It struck through the house.

It came from Mrs. Magary's bedroom. Mrs. Magary was screaming, and screaming.

Long ago, with his best pants on in a ball game (called in as an emergency pitcher) he had hit what he thought was a home run; he'd made

for the plate, seen the throw coming in ahead of him, and without an instant's thought he had slid, the best pants tearing from ankle to knee. Something like that, unplanned, happened when he heard his wife's voice crying out in terror upstairs.

"I don't know how I got to the room. That was an impulse as automatic as an electrical reaction."

"I saw her door was closed. This was wrong. It was always open. I rushed in and it was dark. I turned on the light. Marion, in her night-dress, was breathless and struggling with a towering figure."

Dr. Magary has always been one for athletics. At 30, he pitched a no-hit baseball game. At 60, he beat a Princeton tennis ace.

He still plays golf and finds time to till a magnificent vegetable garden in Washington, Conn.

"But in a physical encounter with such a man as this one was I could have had no chance," he said.

His point was, thinking it over, he didn't calculate any chance. The intruder had entered through the window. He and Mrs. Magary were struggling. The intruder was drawing a pistol.

Dr. Magary saw it glint. He saw the man's finger curl around the trigger, the barrel aimed at his wife's heart.

Dr. Magary shot through the room as he used to move from the take-off in the running broad jump.

The intruder pressed the trigger three times. Each time the hammer clicked. Dr. Magary closed with

him. From the woman, the intruder turned the gun upon the minister.

"I don't remember too much about that," says Dr. Magary. "In a couple of seconds so much happens. I saw the gun and I saw him swing it around at me. It seems to me I didn't think of anything except I must overcome him."

Dr. Magary faced the gun aimed directly at him, and as the hammer clicked twice more, he struck his antagonist with his fist.

"Mrs. Magary was screaming again, and our dog, Linda, a savage looking boxer, showed up. Perhaps it all seemed too much for the fellow. He plunged out the window."

Still in that state which he doesn't call courage—just an impulse—Dr. Magary raced downstairs, grabbed an iron from his golf bag in the hall, and ran out for another physical encounter with a man who, it developed later, stands six feet one inch.

By this time, the stranger apparently was handicapped. The jump from the window had hurt him. He sat on the curb as the clergyman charged upon him, and again he raised his pistol.

Dr. Magary saw it. He went on. He heard it click harmlessly once more. (It was a German gun, a .22 caliber automatic, which had been loaded with American cartridges which didn't fit it.)

Then, as the minister, with golf club raised, reached him, the fugitive gave up, and waited until the police came.

He was George Smith, 20, of Brooklyn, he said, and later when he pleaded guilty to burglary and to assault on the minister and his wife, he was sentenced to serve 25 to 50 years in prison.

"We never heard of him before," Dr. Magary said in his study the other day. "Perhaps he merely saw the open window and climbed up."

He straightened a book. Plutarch's "Lives" on a shelf. "He's a mystery just as courage is a mystery. You can't account for courage, in the common use of the word. It seems to be impulse."



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"Like any other line, it takes a combination of many qualities to make things click."

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one carefully selected for a very special characteristic of flavor. Blended together, these qualities make the notably fuller flavor you get in Del Monte.



When you make your first cup of Del Monte, notice its heart-warming aroma—so friendly and inviting.

Next, taste its fresh, down-to-earth, true coffee flavor. Then maybe you'll agree, "only Del Monte gives you complete coffee enjoyment".

Be sure to ask your grocer tomorrow for Del Monte Coffee.

2 GRINDS
—REGULAR & DRIP
in GLASS or CANS



Del Monte Coffee
Seven great coffees in one

These are my hands

by Harold O. Russell

AM the fellow whose hands were blown off by a block of TNT on D-Day. You've seen pictures of me and the hooks I wear for hands, in your newspapers.

If you saw the picture, "The Best Years of Our Lives," you probably felt sorry for the sailor who lost both of his hands. That fellow is me. But I'm not sorry for myself. I never was happier in my life. What's more, I can do practically everything now that I did when I had my hands.

I know now that my accident—which seemed so tragic at the time—has enabled me to become more useful. I've accomplished things I felt I was capable of doing, but never had the chance to do.

I've married the sweetest girl on earth, made a couple of movies, am attending Boston University, and have been promised a publicity and advertising job when I finish, by Samuel Goldwyn.

I can type my own correspondence, light my cigarettes, open cans, shave and tie my own ties.

When the accident occurred, I vowed that I'd never be a burden to anyone—and that I'd conquer the use of artificial hands so well that no one would ever have to aid me.

I have never been discouraged, except at the instant it happened. Retaining consciousness when the explosion happened, I watched my hands fly through the air and thought: "There goes the great Russell."

In the base hospital, they smoothed off my stumps. When they had healed sufficiently, they shipped me to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., where I was operated upon to remove more inches of my left forearm so that it could be even with the other.

I always had wanted to go to college, but had been denied the opportunity, because my first duty was to support my mother. I was 13 years out of high school, but that didn't make any difference to me. I was determined to catch up on my studies and to make the grade.

I had always thrived on hard work from the day I began my paper route as a small kid in Cambridge, Mass., and later became a delivery boy for a chain store. Within six years they made me store manager.

It was about that time that Pearl Harbor happened, and I enlisted.

I was shipped off to Fort Benning, Ga. I attended the paratroopers demolition schools and was retained as an instructor. Later, my division was moved to Camp Mackall, N. C., where we trained for airplane leaps. I made 51 of them.

I wanted in the worst way to go across with my outfit, but orders were that I stay behind as instructor.

While the fireworks were going on over the Normandy beach, there wasn't any relaxation of training on this side. It was while I was giving a group of G.I.s their final instructions that the defective piece of explosive let go.

As I lay in the hospital, these thoughts kept running through my mind. But uppermost was the desire that I find a place for myself in advertising and publicity.

So, when they presented me with my hooks, I told myself I was going to make them as useful as my hands had been.

Clumsy as they felt, they gave me a new sense of freedom. All day long I twisted my shoulders to make the clamps on the end of the hooks open and close.

I spent from eight to 12 hours each day practicing. This included pecking away at a typewriter, writing with pencils, throwing darts, picking up knives and spoons and just a few exercises.

In a little more than a week, I could light my own cigarette. A few

days later I was eating unassisted. From eating, drinking and smoking, I graduated to writing with pen and pencil.

Soon I could shave, bathe, comb my hair, pull on my socks and shoes, and button my clothes.

A month later, they gave me a furlough. As I left the hospital I got my first taste of public reaction. I barged up to the counter at the Washington airport to buy a ticket.

When I handed the girl clerk the money for my ticket, she was speechless. She couldn't help but stare. Everybody stared.

They all wanted to say something but didn't want to embarrass me. I didn't know how to combat the situation. It was tough.

After a week of trying to escape the public, I decided to let them stare.

I realize today that if I hadn't lost my hands, probably I'd be working at some dull job making \$35 a week. As it is, I have had the opportunity to make two motion pictures, one for the army before I was discharged, and the second, "The Best Years of Our Lives."

The motion picture company paid me \$300 a week for several months.

But the best part of all was getting married while in Hollywood. I

didn't marry a movie queen. I married my childhood sweetheart, with whom I grew up in Cambridge.

Her name was Russell, too. Rita Russell. We met in the third grade but as unromantic as it must sound, we "discovered" each other over a pound of hamburger at the chain store where I was working after high school nights. We didn't see each other until I dropped over to see her brother.

When Rita heard of my accident, she flew on to the hospital to see me. When I saw her understanding look, I knew then that she was the girl for me.

We didn't talk about marriage, because I wasn't ready for it. After weeks of depression, I came to Boston to make some scenes for the rehabilitation film "Diary of a Sergeant." Then we talked of marriage.

I told Rita quite simply that it would be a tremendous sacrifice for her. She replied that she couldn't think of it in terms of a sacrifice, that the only sacrifice she could conceive was for us to be parted.

We decided to postpone the marriage until I enrolled at Boston University. But when I was offered the part in "The Best Years of Our Lives," I asked for a leave from school, and persuaded Rita to accompany me to Hollywood.

We were married out there. After the picture was completed, we went to Washington for the picture premiere. The President and Mrs. Truman invited us to tea.

Rita and I are now settled in our home in Watertown, Mass. We live much like any other young couple. Yes, I help Rita with the dishes. Sometimes I even help her get dinner ready.

Being an amputee does have a few drawbacks, especially when we go out to dine. I like to go to a certain restaurant, for example, but now I hesitate about going there, because when I order a cocktail, the waitress tips off the bartender that it's me.

Result, I get a double or a triple header—and that's not good.



The Young Amputee Just After Lighting a Cigarette for His Wife. He Can Type, Open Cans, Shave and Tie His Tie.

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Romance, Inc.

MANY straitlaced Londoners were shocked eight years ago when a couple of enterprising young women, Miss Heather Jenner and Miss Mary Oliver, set out to play Cupid.

The girls announced the opening of a new marriage bureau, one in which scientific fact-finding methods would be employed in helping lonely hearts to find the right marital partners.

Even their mildest critics thought it rash meddling for the venture-seekers, both blond and easy to look at, to go into the match-

making business. Making money out of romance seemed hardly cricket, some said.

"Why, it's downright indecent!" exclaimed others, believers in the theory that marriages are made only in Heaven.

The Misses Jenner and Oliver were not perturbed. They had a theory that businesslike research and a careful study of backgrounds would take much of the gamble out of matrimony. And they had applicants enough to keep them busy from the start.

The other day a progress report was issued from the bureau's headquarters in London's smart Bond Street. The statistics came from Miss Jenner, now the sole proprietor, and they added up to an impressive success story.

More than 2,000 couples, an average of 250 a year, had been brought to the altar—and there was only one report of divorce.

The news caused a sensation among sociologists



Only After a Painsstaking Study of the Backgrounds of Their Clients Do the British Matchmakers Bring Couples Together.

mine which clients might be attracted to each other, Miss Jenner arranges a meeting. Introductions to others follow if desired.

The bureau never tries to rush a romance. One cautious bachelor courted five years before popping the question.

Just now, few girls of 21 to 28 are available; the departure of hundreds to the U.S. to join Yank husbands didn't help matters. There's an overabundance of younger men, but men over 40 are in demand.

Would-be husbands aren't looking for glamour in Britain this year; they'll settle for girls of good character able to cook and keep house, Miss Jenner reports. Pretty faces and fancy figures are secondary considerations.

Many a male applicant, glancing admiringly at Miss Jenner, has whispered a discreet inquiry to her secretary. The reply is discouraging. The beautiful boss already has a husband. Also two children.

"I Could Have Been Helped"

LENORE MCCALL is back with her husband and three children after four and a half years of mental illness and confinement in two institutions. She is the author of "Between Us and the Dark," a book about her years of confusion and suffering—and has written an exclusive article for The American Weekly which will appear next week. She calls this dramatic personal story "I Could Have Been Helped"—and she tells how her agonizing illness might have been shortened, if she had been expertly diagnosed and treated. This article may help other people who have the misfortune to suf-

fer as Mrs. McCall did.

TOM FRELINGHUYSEN, of Matawan, N. J., is one of the country's most talented unmarried millionaires. His hobbies are horses and women, but he takes a strictly artistic view of these graceful and useful creatures: he sculpts them in miniature.

Frelinghuyesen comes from a distinguished and prosperous family. He is a serious and capable artist and had an excellent record as a naval officer during the late war. You'll find much to interest you in the story of this rich man's colorful but wifeless career.

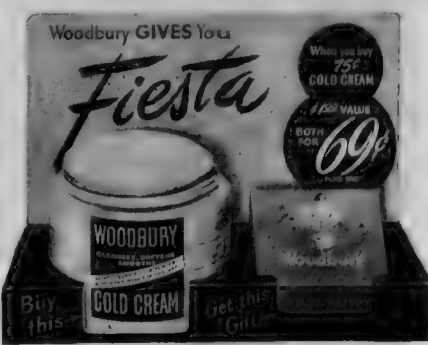
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CASE OF



The Stone, Wan Stammered, Was the Petrified Eye of One of His Ancestors; for Him to Have Handled It Was a Terrible Sacrilege and Could Bring Only Disaster.

By Peter Levins

"WHAT'S the matter, Wan? Why are you staring so and at what?"

Hugh A. O'Donnell, former actor and lecturer, had just entered his apartment on W. 61st St., New York City, and his young Chinese valet, Ziang Sun Wan, was helping him get out of his clothes. Suddenly he had seen the youth freeze into an attitude of terror.

"What is it?" he repeated. "What's come over you?"

"That—that stickpin, sir!" Wan gasped. O'Donnell glanced at the pin, which featured a handsome liquid-brown stone. He had just re-

moved it from his tie and was holding it in his hand. "What about the pin?"

"That is what is called a cat's eye?" the Chinese asked, still staring at it.

"Yes. It was given to me by a ball player. He got it some place in the South Seas."

"Is it a real cat's eye?"

O'Donnell shrugged. "I don't know. I s'pose it is. Why do you act so frightened?"

Wan by this time was trembling. "May I—may I test the stone to see if it is genuine? I would not harm it in any way."

"Why sure, Wan. Just what is the test?"

"I will show you, sir. I will place a drop of water on the surface of the stone. If it is real, the water will roll off whole. If it is not a true cat's eye, the water will break and spread."

O'Donnell, curbing his inclination to laugh, watched while Wan, son of an aristocratic Shanghai family who had come to the U. S. the year before to attend Columbia, made the telltale test. He saw the youth's eyes widen, his trembling increase.

"It is real," Wan whispered. "Say, what is this all about?" his employer exclaimed.

Wan stammered that the stone was the petrified eye of one of his ancestors who had gone into the mountains to die. For him to have handled it was a terrible sacrilege, he said, and could bring only disaster.

"Aren't you exaggerating?" Wan shook his head. "It is a holy symbol, and I have desecrated it," he said. "Misfortune will

THE EVIL CAT'S EYE



be heaped
upon me be-
cause I have
touched the stone. I
shall not escape."

O'Donnell tried to lighten Wan's fears but soon saw that it was futile. Centuries of superstition lay back of this belief, he realized. Unnumbered generations of ancestors had fostered such myths. O'Donnell went to bed marveling that a bit of stone could cause such terror in a modern youth.

"Such an intelligent fellow, too!" he remarked to himself.

Zhang Sun Wan had come to this country with his brother, T. Li Wan. Aboard the same ship had been Dr. Hen Sen Wu, a friend of the family, en route to assume his duties at the Chinese educational mission in Washington, D. C. As Dr. Wu knew that the brothers' father was dead, and that their mother had not the means to support them in the United States, he made them promise to come to him if they ever needed help.

PRESENTLY Zhang Sun Wan found himself all but penniless, having lost \$2,000 in a theatrical venture backed by Chinese. Without letting any of his fellow students know that he had so lowered himself, he had answered a want ad, and gone to work for O'Donnell. The latter had been thoroughly satisfied with him, for Wan had proved a most efficient manservant. Moreover, he was friendly, honest and well bred.

O'Donnell had good reason to reflect on all this the next evening. Wan had quit.

He had left a note stating that circumstances had arisen which compelled him to resign. He had placed the cat's eye in a drawer, he said, and went on to beseech O'Donnell to take extra special care of it lest further misfortune visit him than those already ordained.

O'Donnell sought repeatedly to win Wan back, but failed.

All this happened the middle of January, 1919, and less than a week later, on Jan. 21, Dr. Wu, undersecretary of the mission in Washington, and his two secretaries, Dr. C. H. Hsie and Dr. Theodore T. Wong, were found shot to death in the cellar of the mission. Almost immediately a suspect developed, his name Zhang Sun Wan.

The police asserted that a Chinese living near the mission had called there and been met at the door by Zhang Sun Wan. The latter had informed him, the police said, that the doctor and his aids were not at home.

Shortly after the crime, the police continued, T. Li Wan had called at the Riggs National Bank with a check for \$5,000, bearing Dr. Wu's name. He had informed the cashier, it was said, that if there was any question as to the validity of the check, the bank should telephone the mission. The cashier, failing to get an answer, refused to cash the check, and T. Li Wan had departed.

Zhang Sun Wan was arrested. New York while composing a telegram of condolence to the family of Dr. Wu.

He admitted that he had been at the mission for several days. Being in poor health, he had summoned his brother to take care of him, but he had left the mission to go to a hotel when he saw that the mission was short-handed. As for having anything to do with the murders, he declared that Dr. Wu had always been most kind to him, and he couldn't have harmed him for anything in the world.

T. Li Wan, also arrested, said he had gone to Washington to care for his brother, who had suffered a new attack of stomach trouble. He said he had left the hotel to buy some fruit when he encountered two Chinese, one

tall and the other short, who "made a fuss" over him, as though they knew all about him.

"I never see them before and could not understand them because they come from extreme part of China," he related. "We all speak broken English to understand each other. They want me to go somewhere with them. I say I have to return to my sick brother."

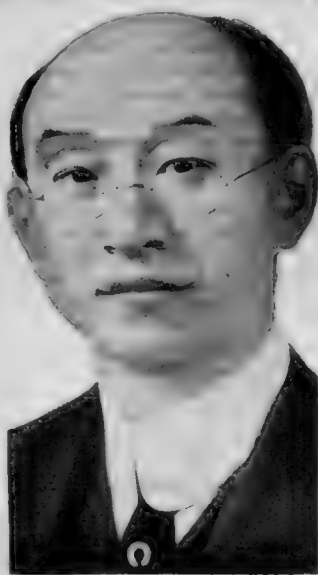
"They leave me, but the next day when I want to buy tickets to New York I see them again. They call me over and again make fuss over me, at same time stating they want me to do favor by cashing check for them at a bank. So I get in taxicab and go with them to the bank. I have been in same trouble myself in strange places."

He said that when the cashier failed to cash the check for \$5,000, he returned to the taxicab, where the larger of the two Chinese took back the check. Then, said T. Li, he rejoined his brother at the station and they entrained for New York.

In Washington, Zhang Sun Wan was grilled by relays of questioners, and at the end of 11 days the authorities announced that he had confessed the murders. They said the motive had been robbery, and that Wan had so planned the crime that he would be in Dr. Wu's office alone at the moment the cashier of the bank called about the check. However, he appeared to have been scared off by the Chinese who called at the mission, they declared.

Result—Zhang Sun Wan was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death.

Penniless, friendless, awaiting execution, his dire prophecy to O'Donnell seemed to be coming true with a vengeance. But at that juncture there came to his aid one who did not believe in an-



Dr. Theodore T. Wong—He and the Others Were Found Shot to Death in the Cellar of the Educational Mission.

evil worship, nor in the malevolent powers of a cat's eye. This person was the Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan, a Catholic priest.

Twelve years before, while stationed in Chicago, Father O'Callaghan had interested himself in the case of Herman Hillik, doomed for six mysterious murders. The priest had won a life sentence for Hillik, and 10 years later a pardon. Now he was in Washington, and again he became interested in a condemned man.

HE talked over the case with lawyers, officials, and prominent citizens. Finally he enlisted the aid of John W. Davis, former ambassador to Great Britain and one of the nation's most distinguished attorneys. As a consequence of all this, the defense won delay after delay, and finally, in October, 1924, the U. S. Supreme Court granted a new trial, holding that the so-called confession had been obtained by illegal methods.

Justice Louis Brandeis, reviewing the case, had this to say:

"On the eighth day [of questioning] the superintendent of police returned to his home apparently exhausted. One of the detectives had fallen asleep. To Wan not a moment of sleep was allowed. On the ninth day, at 5:20 a. m., Wan was taken from the mission to the station house and placed formally under arrest. There the interrogation was promptly resumed.

"Again the detectives were in attendance day and evening, playing their questions, arguing with the prisoner and urging him to confess lest his brother be deemed guilty of the crime. Still the statements secured failed to satisfy the detectives' craving for evidence.

"On the tenth day, Wan was again taken to the mission, was again questioned, and there the whole thing was again talked of and enacted. On the eleventh day a formal interrogation was conducted at the station house by the detectives in the presence of a stenographer."

Obviously, said Brandeis, the accused man had been in torment. If such methods were used to persuade a person to sign a will, he said, the document would not stand in any court in the land.

Another year passed by. By this time the "Cat's Eye Mystery" had become a cause celebre. It was even reported that the Chinese government, determined to have someone punished, had been spending much money to finance the prosecution.

The second trial ended in a jury deadlock after 24 hours' deliberation. The jurors said they had voted 10 to 2 for an acquittal.

The third trial took place in May, 1926, in a jam-packed courtroom. Before the issue went to the jury, opposing attorneys held the spotlight with six hours of oratory delivered by former Senator A. Owsley Stanley of Kentucky, and Wilton J. Lambert, for the defense, and Major Peyton Gordon and George D. Horning for the prosecution. The defense oratory caused many in the audience, men and women alike, to weep.

"Come back with a verdict in seven-and-a-half minutes," Lambert pleaded. "Don't prolong this boy's agony. Make up your minds you will do your best to recompense him for the seven-and-a-half years of torture he spent in a felon's cell!"

LAMBERT spoke for 90 minutes, Gordon for a like period. The latter called Wan a "criminal assassin." Assistant Prosecutor Horning expressed to the jury the wish "that you gentlemen could be at the graves of the three murdered men when you write out your verdict." Senator Stanley, leaning over the jury box and looking searchingly into each pair of eyes, told them that the prosecution's aim was to "try out a new electrical experiment called 'cooking Wan'."

The spectators shuddered, knowing that he was referring to the electric chair which had just been installed in the District jail.

The jury filed out. They stayed out for 10 hours.

"Is there no hope of an agreement?" Judge John Hoehling wearily asked the foreman, Emile Albrecht.

"I'm afraid not, Your Honor," he replied. "We have given this case the most careful and prayerful consideration, but we are utterly and everlastingly in disagreement. Both sides are firmly convinced, and nothing will ever change their decisions." (It was learned that the final vote stood at 9 to 3 for acquittal.)

Judge Hoehling had no recourse but to discharge the jury.

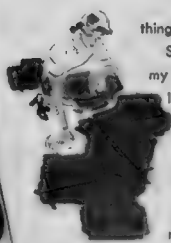
That ended the third trial. Shortly thereafter, Wan was given his release, and Father O'Callaghan took him away to a rest farm.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.



WHAT A BLESSING...
lovelier floors with less care!

**YOUR FLOORS CLEAN UP EASIER WITH A
 DAMP CLOTH . . . AND BRIGHTER, TOO,
 WHEN YOU USE SELF-POLISHING SIMONIZ**



● "There's no need to be annoyed when the children spill things or scuff the floor. For, in our home, we use Self-Polishing SIMONIZ. The more often I clean up soiled spots . . . the brighter my floors seem to get. And besides, I save time and money. I don't have to apply Self-Polishing SIMONIZ so often because it lasts longer.

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● And don't forget, clean floors are safer for children, too. Self-Polishing SIMONIZ is ideal for linoleums, finished wood floors, asphalt and rubber tile. It gives the same longer lasting beauty that makes SIMONIZ so famous for cars. Ask your dealer for Self-Polishing SIMONIZ!

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Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to \$1, auto accessory and department stores—and by linoleum dealers everywhere. Also sold in Canada and throughout the world.

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Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

• Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. • Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. • Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! • Makes occure of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. • Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! • Carries away unrightly loose dandruff like magic! • Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! • Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

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EXPOSURE METER

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really RELIEVED

Skilfully blending valuable medicinal ingredients in an oily base—prolonging their beneficial action—bland Resinol Ointment has a 50 year record for giving relief of itching and burning in many types of skin irritation.

Sold at all drug stores. Buy now. Free S&H G. Ointment if you write Resinol X-97, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL
OINTMENT AND SOAP

26 October 19, 1917

His Home Was a Zoo

AS if husbands and wives couldn't find enough things to argue about, many an innocent house hold pet in its own right is a domestic dispute. Usually a day passes, but what a divorcee is forced to listen to a little zookeeper of her own home.

Take, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Urban of Toledo, Ohio. Not long ago they appeared in Domestic Relations Court, Mrs. Urban, 58, suing for divorce, asked Judge Paul W. Alexander to order her husband



The Husband Objected to Living With Three Dogs, 20 Birds and a Monkey.

49, out of their house because, she said, he was "unbearable."

Mr. Urban, who did not wish to be evicted, protested that he was competing for Mrs. Urban's affections with three dogs, 20 birds and one monkey. He contended that if he could put up with his wife's managerie, she certainly should be able to put up with him.

Urban testified that his wife had nagged him because a cage he had bought for her monkey was too large to go through the basement door. He saved off slice after slice and finally it was small enough to get into the house. But, it was then too small for the monkey. Mrs. Urban seemed to have great consideration for the simian's comfort and would not put him in crowded quarters.

The pet was thereupon given the run of the basement. Urban said he stood its simian capers to the point where it chewed the insulation off the electric wires.

"SHOCKING!" remarked Judge Alexander in a non-judicial burst of wit. He refused Mrs. Urban's motion that Urban be ousted pending the divorce decision.

Most marital disputes over animals have to do with dogs and cats. But more "zooish" pets sometimes figure, such as skunks, snakes, fish, rabbits, foxes, and mice.

Unique was a case in Philadelphia in which a husband swore that his mate insisted, after 23 years of marriage, that two pet hens eat at the table with them. When asked why, she replied:

"At least they give me an egg every day. You give nothing."



PLENTY TO
CACKLE ABOUT

(SHE BUYS LIGHT
BULBS LIKE EGGS!)

HANDY TO BUY!
HANDY TO CARRY!
HANDY TO STORE!
HANDY TO USE!



SYLVANIA
"HANDY-5-PACK"

GRADE 'A' LIGHT BULBS IN THE
GRADE 'A' CARTON!
— AT NO EXTRA COST



Horse-cars were once the public's means of city travel. Busses are the modern way!

The Modern Way to Launder
is with Clorox!

For CLOROX
extra-gently
makes linens
snowy-white.



MILLIONS of modern women would feel "lost" on washday without Clorox... for experience has taught them that "The white line is the Clorox line." For Clorox bleaches white cottons and linens snowy-white (brightens fast colors). Moreover, Clorox is free from caustic... made by an exclusive patented process... does its job extra-gently. Clorox reduces hard rubbing, further conserving fabrics. And, in routine household cleansing, Clorox provides added health protection... it disinfects. Simply follow directions on the label.

CLOROX *Amos's Favorite Bleach*
and Household Disinfectant
FIRST in Quality... in Performance... in Preference!



BOON HOUSEHOLD CLEANER is another top-quality housekeeping aid. It wipes away dirt and grease, quickly, easily from washable surfaces. Excellent on autos. Safe on paint and hands. At your grocer's. MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CLOROX

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

AMBER IS COMING

TO THE SCREEN!



Darryl F. Zanuck presents

Forever Amber

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

starring

LINDA DARNELL · CORNEL WILDE · RICHARD GREENE

GEORGE SANDERS As King Charles II

with Glenn Langan · Richard Haydn · Jessica Tandy

Anne Revere · John Russell

Directed by OTTO PREMINGER

Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG

From the Novel by Kathleen Winsor

Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Ring Lardner, Jr.

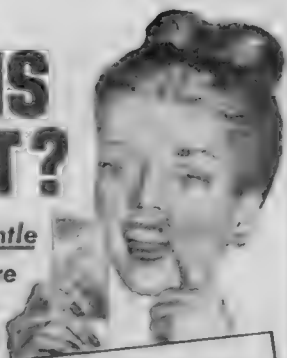
Adaptation by Jerome Cady

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
Achievement



GUMS HURT?

Try This Gentle
Dental Care
1 Week!



Teel does "Double Duty"

1. HELPS PREVENT GUM IRRITATION
Liquid TEEL lets you massage gums gently ... helps promote healthy gums.
2. CLEANS TEETH SPECIAL EASY WAY
Gets teeth sparkling clean with a patented ingredient. Get TEEL today and follow special directions on the package.



SWEETENS BREATH, TOO!

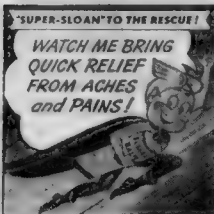
Liquid TEEL penetrates tooth crevices instantly ... removes decaying food particles which cause much bad breath ... refreshes your mouth on contact! Pleasant, tangy flavor. Try it!

CLEANS TEETH
Beautifully!



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far faster this new way!

New SLOAN'S BALM Proved Twice As Effective As Other Leading Balms!



Here's Faster Relief for the Aches and Pains of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica!

New SLOAN'S BALM relieves much faster ... penetrates deeper ... gives longer-lasting relief! Far more effective than other leading balms and rubs tested! Clean, pleasing aroma. For generous trial tube, send your name and address plus 10¢ to cover postage, to: Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 201, 113 W. 18th St., New York, N. Y.

SLOAN'S BALM
Made by SLOAN'S—Famous Name on Pain Relief

Letters to the Editor

YOU have been very kind to publish my letter in the October 15 issue of *The American Weekly*. I am a member of the Gospel. Would you find time to write me later? But, being interested in the soul's relation to God, I should like to point out that my Bible says "by grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast" (Ephesians 2:8, 9.) This is more vital to our soul's salvation than giving all earthly possessions to the Lord.

E. C. Moorhead,
Beaver, Pa.

On looking at your cover painting of Hester Prynne by Modest Stein, I noticed a resemblance between the painting and the movie actress Rosalind Russell. Is there any explanation for such resemblance?

Alysa Clippel,
Washington, D. C.

(Miss Russell did not pose for Artist Stein—Ed.)

Please accept my sincere thanks for the Amy Alden recipes. I am delighted to have them, and I know Miss Alden is going to receive many compliments when my friends sample some of these fine dishes.

Margaret G. Haslam,
Seattle, Wash.

Your magazine is to be congratulated for your article, "Umpires for Broken Families." In telling of the fine work of Judge Robert G. Wilson, Jr., you have done a greater public service than I think you realize. The public would do well to study its full significance. Judge Wilson is a very unusual man and is well known for his sincerity, integrity and sense of civic duty. We need more like him. I am sure that many broken families wish they had had the good fortune to profit by such advice before it was too late.

Best of luck and good wishes to Judge Wilson.

Mrs. E. S. Osborn,
Boston, Mass.

About nine years ago, *The American Weekly* published an article about excavations in Egypt which had brought to light some prophecies contained in the great pyramid of Cheops. As I remember, these prophecies forecast a war beginning in 1931 and lasting until 1953, after which there would be 100 years of peace.

Can you please tell me if I'm correct?

Mrs. Edward O'Brien,
Buffalo, N. Y.

(In 1939, *The American Weekly* published a prophecy attributed to the pyramid of Cheops, which predicted that November 27, 1939, would open a period of struggle in which, by 1953, certain pagan aggressor nations would be crushed. Then would follow 1,000 years of peace and security.—Ed.)

Letters to the Editor may be addressed to *The American Weekly*, 83 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

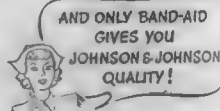
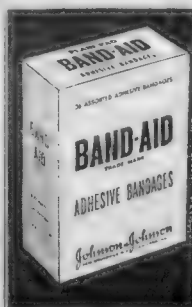


All horses aren't Arabians!



All adhesive bandages aren't BAND-AID*

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson



AND ONLY BAND-AID GIVES YOU JOHNSON & JOHNSON QUALITY!

It's Johnson & Johnson quality that has earned for BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages the confidence of millions. More families use BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages—more doctors recommend them than any other brand. Every bandage comes to you sterile, sealed in an individual envelope. Keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation. Cost? Less than a penny each! Keep a box at home—one at work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson Inc. its adhesive bandage.



"My—what an utterly
different soap!"



Your skin thrills to it! Only Swan has it—
this luscious "super-creamed blend!"

YES, here's a complexion soap so wonderfully different you'll love it at your very first trial—Swan!

The pure, floating soap that's made by a special patented process. The *only* soap that brings you Swan's "super-creamed blend."

Read on—see what lovely things floating Swan can do for you . . .



M-M-M! LATHER SO SOFT
—IT'S LIKE
CREAM ON
YOUR FACE!

7 You'll say it's excitingly different—the way Swan's "super-creamed blend" gives you creamy lather! Rich, luscious lather that leaves your skin so fresh and radiant!



BEAUTIFUL, TOO, THE WAY SWAN
AGREES WITH YOUR
COMPLEXION!

3 Wonderfully different, and mild as fine castles because of its "super-creamed blend." Pure Swan is so kind even to the most delicate skin.



NO MORE EXCESSIVE,
MESSY
SOAP-DISH 'GOO'

4 What a welcome difference this is—no other soap gives you Swan's thrifty firmness! And no more "forever scrubbing" at basin and bathtub ring. Another joy of Swan's "super-creamed blend"!



FEEL THE DIFFERENCE—
FEEL HOW SMOOTH
YOUR SKIN IS!

2 You'll love the difference—how Swan rinses away so completely, leaving your skin smooth as satin. None of that taut, drawn feeling—thanks to Swan's "super-creamed blend."

*Swan is different
Swan is better!*

Made by
a special process
Patent 2,215,539



YOU'LL LOVE SWAN,
FOR BATH, COMPLEXION,
DISHES—BECAUSE IT'S
DIFFERENT, BECAUSE
IT'S BETTER!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

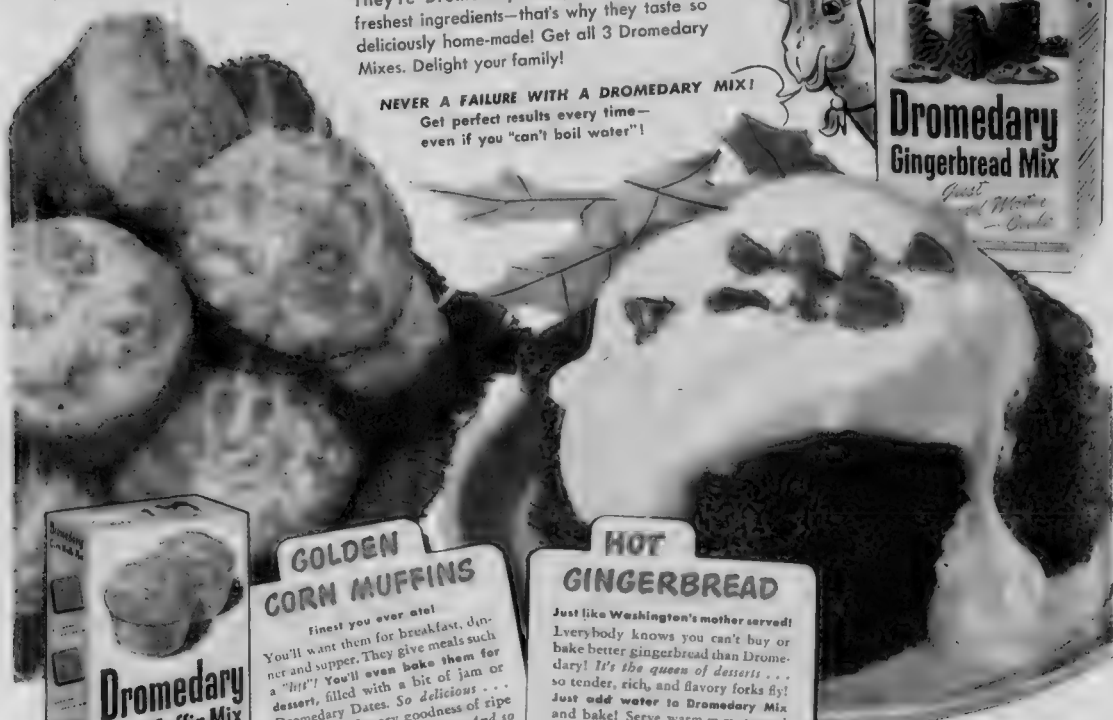


Now 3 Magic Dromedary Mixes!

BAKE THESE LUSCIOUS TREATS IN 1, 2, 3... AND SAVE!

COSTS YOU LESS than buying the "makings"! Much less than ready-made! And quality? They're Dromedary! Only the finest and freshest ingredients—that's why they taste so deliciously home-made! Get all 3 Dromedary Mixes. Delight your family!

NEVER A FAILURE WITH A DROMEDARY MIX!
Get perfect results every time—even if you "can't boil water"!



GOLDEN CORN MUFFINS

Finest you ever ate! You'll want them for breakfast, dinner and supper. They give meals such a "lift"! You'll even bake them for a dessert, filled with a bit of jam or Dromedary Dates. So delicious... with all the flavor goodness of ripe sweet corn! Ready in 15 min. And so thrifty! Package makes 12 big picture-perfect muffins. Or a load of wonderful pan-cakes! Try it tomorrow!

HOT GINGERBREAD

Just like Washington's mother served! Everybody knows you can't buy or bake better gingerbread than Dromedary! It's the queen of desserts... so tender, rich, and flavorful folks fly! Just add water to Dromedary Mix and bake! Serve warm-m-m, topped with ice cream, stewed fruit or whipped cream. Swonderful! And wholesome! Makes mouth-melting cookies, too, in only 10 minutes!

YES, LESS THAN 4¢ A SERVING!
World's most famous recipe
... Washington's Mother's!

Take Me
Home
With You

And Discover
America's Favorite
Hot-Wheat Cereal
AT ITS BEST

QUAKER
ENRICHED
FARINA

Look for me—waving my spoon—on the yellow and blue package. I'll help you save time in the morning! I bring the cereal the whole family can enjoy, from baby to dad! Quaker Enriched Farina is so creamy-white, so creamy-smooth and so delicious, you'd better bring out the biggest bowls you've got. An ounce contains as much sunshine Vitamin "D" as a whole teaspoonful of U.S.P. minimum standard cod liver oil . . . to say nothing about all the wheat-rich food-energy you get besides!

Be sure to say Quaker Enriched Farina next time, for the kind of cereal widely used for baby's first solid food—as well as a whole-family favorite! It's got to be good to be so popular!

For All New Mothers
FAMOUS DAILY GUIDE BOOK

"Bringing Up Baby"

One box top from Quaker Enriched Farina will bring you this famous daily guide book on feeding, care and training, from pre-natal through romper age. Authentic, detailed, written by noted authorities. Includes new whole-family recipes to save you work. Fill out order form and mail today!



MAIL THIS NOW

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Box 24, Chicago 90, Illinois
Please send me the new edition of your famous daily guide book, "Bringing Up Baby." I enclose top from box of Quaker Enriched Farina.

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Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Household Almanac

—Amy Alden

YOU CAN MAKE BREAD and ROLLS

NOTHING has more appeal than home-made bread and rolls from the oven, filling the air with delicious aromas. If you do not bake them because you think they are too time-consuming, try one recipe for refrigerator rolls. Just mix these rolls up, being careful to use lukewarm liquid for your yeast mixture. Pop the dough into the icebox and be ready to form it into plain, cloveleaf, the good-tasting parkerhouse rolls, or luscious sticky-pecan rolls—all from the one recipe.

Do not make the easier rolls all the time; try the Statter Rum Rolls, which you can whip up with an electric beater, let rise and when baked, cover with a simple icing. They are good to serve with any meal.

The next step is to try your hand at breadmaking. For that, we give you carefully worked out recipes for three differently flavored breads.

Refrigerator Roll Dough

1 cup hot water
1 tsp. salt
6 tbsps. shortening
1 cup sugar
1 cake fresh or dry granular yeast
2 tbsps. lukewarm water
1 egg, well beaten
3 1/2 to 4 cups sifted flour
Combine hot water, salt, shortening and sugar in a bowl large enough to allow for some rising during storage. Cool to lukewarm, add yeast, softened in the lukewarm water. Add the egg, half the flour, and beat well. Stir in more of the flour enough to make a dough easily handled. Grease top, cover, and store in refrigerator—at keeps 4 or 5 days.

Cloverleaf Rolls

Use Refrigerator Roll dough. Turn onto a lightly floured board. Form into small balls. Dip into melted butter or margarine and place 3 balls in each section of a greased muffin pan. Cover, let rise in a warm place until double. Bake in a hot oven 425° F. for 12-15 min. Makes 18 rolls.

Parkerhouse Rolls

Use Refrigerator Roll dough. Turn onto a lightly floured board, roll 1/2" thick, and cut into 2 1/2" rounds. Dip knife blade in flour and with dull edge, lightly crease across each round a little to one side of center. Brush smaller sec-



Shape Your
Cloveleaf Rolls
This Way.

tion of each sparingly with melted butter or margarine. Then fold large section over the smaller, pressing edges together. Arrange, just touching each other in greased pan. Cover, let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Bake in a hot oven of 425° F. 12-15 min. Remove, brush with fat.

Pecan Rolls

Refrigerator Roll dough
1 cup water
1 cup, plus 2 tbsps. brown sugar, firmly packed
1 cup pecan halves
Boil the water and sugar together 5 min. Place 1 tsp. of this syrup in the bottom of each of 20 sections of greased deep muffin pans and arrange 4 pecan halves in each. Turn the dough onto a lightly floured board and roll it to 1/2" thickness; then cut it into 2 1/2" rounds. Form into smooth balls by folding the edges under. Place one ball in each section, cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Bake in an oven of 425° F. for 12-15 min. Remove rolls from pans and cool, with pecan side up.

Statter Rum Rolls

1 cup scalded milk
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1 1/2 tbsps. salt
1 cake fresh or dry granular yeast
1 egg, beaten
2 1/2 tbsps. rum flavoring
3 1/2 cups sifted flour
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine, melted
1/2 cup seedless raisins, cut up

1 cup confectioners' sugar
2 tbsps. hot water

Pour scalded milk over 1/2 cup sugar, shortening, and salt. Cool to lukewarm, crumble yeast into it. Beat with hand or electric beater until smooth. Add beaten egg and 1 1/2 tbsps. of the rum flavoring. Add half the flour and beat until smooth. Add remaining flour and mix. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk—about 3 hrs. Roll dough into two strips, each 12" long, 1/2" thick and 4" wide. Brush top with melted butter; sprinkle with remaining 1/2 cup sugar and raisins. Roll from long side; pull dough out at edges to keep it uniform. Should be 15" long when rolled. Cut rolls in crosswise slices 3/4" thick. Place in 3" greased muffin pans; cover, let rise until double in bulk. Bake in oven of 400° F. for 15-20 min. Remove from oven, brush tops with icing made of the confectioners' sugar, hot water, and the remaining 1 tsp. rum flavoring.

Fruited Oatmeal Bread

2 cups boiling water
1 cup rolled oats
2 cakes fresh yeast
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup warm water
6 cups sifted flour
2 tbsps. shortening
1/2 cup chopped peanuts
1/2 cup seedless raisins
Pour boiling water over rolled oats; stir well, and allow to cool. Crumble yeast into bowl; add 4 tbsps. of the sugar and the warm water. Mix well; add 1/2 cup of the flour and let stand 10 min. Then add to the rolled oats mixture with remaining ingredients. Shape into ball and place in greased bowl. Brush top with oil. Cover and let rise in a warm place (80-85 deg. F.) until double in bulk. Knead; shape, place in 2 greased loaf pans. Brush with oil. Cover, let rise until double in bulk. Bake in oven of 375° F. for 55 min.

Rye Bread

2 tbsps. shortening
2 tbsps. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 cup scalded milk
1 cake fresh yeast

2 tbsps. lukewarm water
2 cups sifted flour
1 1/4 tbsps. caraway seeds
1 1/4 to 2 cups unsifted rye flour

Place first 3 ingredients in a bowl, add milk, cool to lukewarm. Add yeast which has been softened in the water. Then add the all-purpose flour and stir until smooth. Cover and let rise in a warm place (80-85 deg. F.) until double in bulk. Turn out on a rye floured surface, and knead in caraway seeds and enough rye flour to make a firm dough, elastic to the touch. Place in bowl, brush top with oil, cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled. Knead again on lightly rye-floured board until free from air bubbles. Shape in a loaf and place in greased loaf pan about 10"x5"x3". Brush top again with oil. Cover and let rise again in a warm place until doubled. Bake in moderate oven of 350° F. for 45-50 min. Brush with melted fat, remove and cool.

Molasses Wheat Bread

1 cup milk, scalded
1/2 cup molasses
1 1/2 tbsps. salt
3 tbsps. melted shortening
1 egg, well beaten
1 cake fresh or dry granular yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water
2 cups unsifted whole wheat flour
About 2 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

Combine first 4 ingredients in large bowl. Cool to lukewarm. Add egg; then yeast, softened in lukewarm water. Stir in flour by cups until stiff enough to knead. Knead on floured board until smooth. Place in greased bowl; brush with oil; cover, let rise in a warm place until double in bulk—about 1 1/4 hrs. Knead down; shape; place in greased loaf pan 10"x5"x3". Brush with oil; cover; let rise again until double in bulk. Bake in oven 400° F. for 30 min., then at 350° F. for 10 min.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 184, Grand Central Annex, New York 17. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for P&H. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 343, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| (100) Graveland Hausner Diet | (129) New Cakes |
| (101) Famous Recipes | (130) Desserts and Sweets |
| (102) New England Recipes | (131) Favorite Pie Recipes |
| (103) Candy Recipes | (132) Pies and Pastries |
| (104) Quick Hot Breads | (133) Favorite Soup Recipes |
| (105) Pancakes and Roll-tops | (134) Meat for Family Meals |
| (106) Oyster Recipes | (135) Nick-to-the-Kids Dishes |
| (107) Waffles Tonight | (136) Delicious Vegetables |
| (108) Eggs for Every Meal | (137) New Vegetable Recipes |
| (109) 25 to Eat Plans | (138) American Potatoes Recipes |
| (110) Casserole Recipes | (139) Popular Salad Recipes |
| (111) Quickly Prepared Meals | (140) Asinade and Dressings |
| (112) Favorite Mexican Recipes | (141) Popular Salad Recipes |
| (113) Foreign Recipes | (142) New Cookies |
| (114) Almanac Bread & Rolls | (143) Children's Party Recipes |
| (115) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts | (144) Delicious Chicken Recipes |
| (116) Favorite Hebrew Recipes | (145) Buffet Party Dishes |
| (117) Favorite Almanac Cakes | (146) Lunchbox Fillers |

"DID I EVER
TELL YOU THE STORY OF
THE FLAKIER CRACKER?"

"In great modern ovens, so long and so bright,
Our Krispys are all tender-baked till just right.
We give ev'ry one such a tasty appeal
That mothers are serving 'em all through the meal!"



...all through the meal!



**THE
FLAKIER
CRACKER**

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF *Sunshine Biscuits, INC.* © 1947

*This safe,
easy way*
cleans bathtubs fast



Why scratch dirt away? Safe, fast Bon Ami cleans without grit. No dulling scratches to catch dirt and make cleaning harder. And you get a polish as you clean! Yes, bathtubs, sinks and basins really *gleam*. Feel the finer texture of Bon Ami. Now use it. No harmful grit or caustics to roughen or redden hands. You'll agree, "Gritless foster, better, this safe easy way."

Bon Ami
"hasn't scratched yet!"

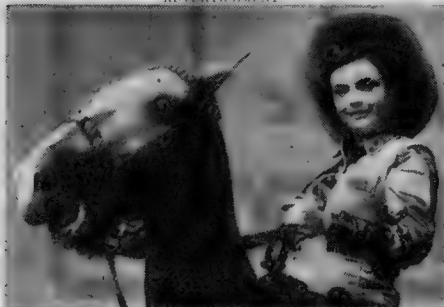


**True New England Flavor
at its Delicious Best**

Wonderfully meaty and tender, extra-satisfying. Baked (not steamed) the true, old-fashioned way, with pork and spicy sauces, slowly, thoroughly all day long... "Down East" in Portland, Maine. Burnham & Merrill Company



ADVERTISEMENT



SITUATION UNDER CONTROL: Whatever you're doing, you want to be good at it. Include this famous training dish in breakfast—a big bowl of milk, fruit and *Wheaties*. Flakes of 100% whole wheat. Seven dietary essentials. Second-helping good, too. Try *Wheaties*. "Breakfast of Champions!"

The Epicure

HUNGARIAN PAPRIKA FISH
By WILLY POGANY

I AM going to give you a new slant on Hungarian cooking—a dish that is very popular in Hungary, but almost unknown here. It is a sort of fish chowder, or paprika fish, and originates in my native city of Szeged, on the banks of the river Tisza. From Szeged comes the finest paprika in the world, called "Rose Paprika of Szeged" and from the Tisza river, which is a fisherman's paradise, we get many different kinds of fresh water fish.

The Hungarian name for this dish is "Szegedi Halazle"—and it is just as popular all over Hungary as New England Clam Chowder is in the United States. First make a fish stock in the following way with about 2 lbs. of small fresh water fish. Wash and clean fish. Chop 2 onions, fry golden brown over low heat, in bacon fat, and when fried, add 2 tps. of paprika. Put fish and fried onions in to 2 qts. of water and simmer slowly for 1 hour. Then strain.

Now take several kinds of fresh water fish: carp, shad, sturgeon, perch; or whatever is running. Clean thoroughly and cut in slices about 1½ in. thick. Place the fish in layers in an enamel or earthenware cooking pot, alternating each layer of fish with a layer of sliced onions. Over these layers of fish and onion, pour the stock. Add a little salt, 1 tsp. paprika, 1 cup dry white wine and 1 bay leaf. Keep cover on pot and boil over very low flame about 1½ hours, or until a skin forms on the top.

Do not stir this brew, but move the pot gently now



Willy Pogany, the Famous Artist, is a Man of Many Talents. He is a Painter, Sculptor, Etcher, Stage Designer and Art Director. An Outstanding Example of His Work Is Today's Cover.

and then over the fire without shaking it too much.

If you have fish left over, a good salad can be made the next day with the following ingredients:

- 2 cups cooked flaked fish, chilled
- 2 hard cooked eggs, sliced
- 1 cup cooked peas
- Salad dressing

Mix and chill ingredients, season and sprinkle with paprika. Arrange on watercress. Serves four.

Sew Easy



3111



3055



3841
SIZES
12-20

3111—A box bluebird for each day of the week makes dish-drying fun. Simplest stitchery. Transfer of 7 motifs about 3½ x 6 inches.

3841—New frock with flattering features: diagonal button sweep, dalmatian sleeves, longer flared petticoat and a slim, straight skirt. Sizes 12-20. Also 16, 8½ yds. \$9.10

3055—Adorable rag doll that is 32 inches tall and has braided yarn hair. She wears outrageous size 3 clothes. Transfer of doll only; directions.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in cents). Print plainly: NAME, STYLE NUMBER, NAME AND ADDRESS. Send orders to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, 635 Avenue of the Americas, New York 11, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Roll at 32 inches tall
41 October 19, 1947

Give me the right food
and watch me grow!



By "right food" he means Milk-Bone, of course! For Milk-Bone contains the food elements essential to a dog's diet. Too, Milk-Bone is firm and crunchy to give him the chewing exercise that helps develop healthy teeth and gums. And it's economical because it's concentrated nourishment—one pound has more food value than a pound of fresh beef.



Milk-Bone Biscuit contains nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B, B₆, D and E. Meat Meal... Fish Liver Oil... Whole Wheat Flour... Minerals... Milk

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

There's ONLY ONE WAY to Make

GRAVY This RICH!
BROWN! DELICIOUS!



Good Cooks say USE
KITCHEN BOUQUET

Famous chefs know you can't get gravy so specially rich and delicious, such an appealing deep brown color—without help. Nor can you depend on weak, watery, so-called "gravy helps." Kitchen Bouquet is what you need. It's full strength to give full flavor! Simply add Kitchen Bouquet—your gravy will be gloriously brown... rich... delicious!



I SAY!
Here's the
PERFECT
DESSERT!



Old English Style
PUDDINGS

CHOICE OF
PLUM
DATE
FIG

READY
TO HEAT
AND EAT

If Your Grocer Cannot Supply You, Write
LEONARD FRANK CO., St. Paul 4, Minn.

Sold for the Household Chain.
Listed Below Doris Danisons
Column.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

don't let
Dry Skin
make you
look
older



new
Woodbury Special
Dry Skin Cream

- discourages tiny dry-skin lines.
- softens flaky, rough skin.
- gives a fresher, younger look.

BEWARE! Dry skin brings deeper lines, flaking... may make you look years older than you are!

Here's a cream with proven powers to combat dryness. Rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits—plus four more special skin softeners to smooth dry skin. Apply overnight, or for just 15 daytime minutes. Send for your free sample today.

FREE SAMPLE... See beautifying results!

I want to try **FREE** sample of Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream, and see its softening action on my skin. (Print name, address clearly. Place coupon on penny postcard.) Mail to Box 36, Cincinnati 14, O.
Name.....
Street.....
City.....
(Sorry, offer good in U. S. only.)

NO MORE
discomfort of
● **SICK HEADACHE**
● **ACID INDIGESTION**
● **CONSTIPATION**
due to ordinary sluggishness



Be Bright! Feel Right!
TAKE ENO'S

Whenever you're headachy, sluggish, sour because of acid indigestion or late hours—quick! take sparkling Eno! You'll promptly help neutralize excess stomach acid, ease "full feeling" overnight!—*Next morning*, take Eno as a *speedy*, gentle laxative just before breakfast. Caution: use only as directed. Buy at druggist's today—see why millions prefer Eno!

EFFECTIVE DOUBLE ACTION!



For the best
Brown Gravy
You Ever Tasted



Sleep, My Lady



By *Sally Young*

WITHOUT a proper amount of sleep, no one can be healthy, and without health there's no beauty.

Experimenting with sleep, Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, University of Chicago physiologist, found that lack of sleep affected his 33 subjects like strong drinks. After two nights without sleep, subjects' eyes were dry and irritated. They often saw double. There were deep circles under the eyes. Skin became parched-looking and gave way to wrinkles more easily. A general listless attitude which even affected the hair was noticeable.

In general, all subjects showed hyperirritability and irascibility. Mild mannered persons became irascible. Hallucinations occurred. Coordination was seriously affected.

So you see, unless the required amount of sleep is obtained regularly, one's level of accomplishment is lowered, his lack of coordination makes him prone to accidents, his mental outlook and disposition are impaired, and his general state of health is affected.

In order to get the most benefit out of the hours devoted to sleep, the experts advise setting the stage with the most restful conditions possible.

First, have a comfortable bed. Muscle tension cannot be relaxed on a sleep foundation which sags or is lumpy. Proper rest depends to a great extent on level resilient mattresses and springs which will properly support the head and rest the neck muscles.

Second, don't worry. Train your mind to dwell on the pleasant things that have happened to you. Lock up uneasiness, anxiety and unpleasantness in an obscure corner of your brain once the lights are out. Save

your problems until morning when you are refreshed and clear-headed—you'll find that the solutions will be more quickly and easily worked out then.

Third, use sheets and blankets that are long enough, and learn to make a bed correctly, with hospital-style corners.

Fourth, don't wear tight, binding nightclothes.

Fifth, watch room temperature and ventilation. Cool air tends to deepen sleep, provided the feet and rest of the body are comfortably warm. Open windows at both top and bottom to allow free circulation so that all the air in the room may be replaced at least 8 times an hour, but guard against a draft if you've a cold.

Place your bed so that you will not be in direct line of sudden cold blasts that may zoom into the room from time to time.

Sixth, open the windows on the darkest side of the house. Place your bed so that possible light from the outside will not stream in directly on your face.

Seventh, minimize the noise element. Even slight sounds raise your blood pressure and affect the quality of your sleep. Room insulation will reduce noise to a minimum, heavy rugs absorb about 20 per cent, and window mufflers help, too.

Eighth, manage to work in some physical exercise during the day.

Ninth, indulge in a half hour or so of mild recreation before bedtime.

Tenth, take a tepid—not hot—bath. Sitting in a tub of lukewarm water is delightfully relaxing.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 10, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Send, stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ (1) Skin Care | ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair |
| ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide | ☐ (7) Hand Care |
| ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes | ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet |
| ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure | ☐ (9) Lose Weight by Exercise |
| ☐ (5) Guide to Shapely Legs | ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair |
| ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage | |

October 19, 1947

No FINER dye—at ANY price!

Yet still only
10¢ and 15¢

(25¢ for the super-economy size)

... what a dye! Yes, today's Tintex is the finest quality dye ever offered and its all fabric. And it's still at the same low price!

... that means you can use it on your finest things—you can save money—you can dye "Celanese," acetate, rayon, nylon, Bemberg, aralac, silk, cotton, linen, wool and all mixtures thereof. And all fabrics woven from the above fibres, such as crepes, sharkskin, jersey, alpaca, chiffon, etc. In fact, All-fabric Tintex dyes every fabric made today with the exception, of course, of those woven from glass or metal fibres.

... and what a color choice! Over 50!—the largest number offered by any other dye!

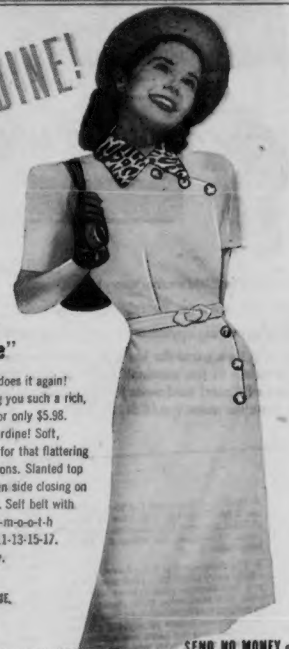
... no wonder millions of women insist on All-fabric Tintex. So, as they do, give your fall wardrobe and home decorations fashionable color-beauty with All-fabric Tintex dyes. Buy them at drug, dept. and 10¢ stores—today!



All-fabric
TINTEX
The Ultra Modern
TINTS & DYES

GABARDINE!

ONLY
59¢



"Leopard Lure"

Broadway Fashions does it again! Who else could bring you such a rich, eye-catching dress for only \$5.98. And of genuine gabardine! Soft, leopard-print velour for that flattering collar, those big buttons. Slanted top closing. Straight-down side closing on the smart, slim skirt. Self belt with covered buckle. In s-m-o-o-t-h rayon gabardine. 9-11-13-15-17. We mail immediately. Rush coupon.

GOLD, RED, BROWN, BLUE, GREEN, BLACK, GRAY.

SEND NO MONEY

Broadway Fashions Dept. W11
299 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.
Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman \$5.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I'm so delighted I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, no pay postage.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....

ORDER DIRECT BY MAIL FROM

Broadway Fashions 299 BROADWAY • NEW YORK CITY



Have you sent in your name for Elsie's new BABY?

\$25,000.00
in cash prizes!
(including dealer prizes)

ONLY 12 DAYS LEFT!
Contest closes midnight, October 31

HURRY! For Elsie's sake, hurry!

For your own sake, hurry!

Here's your big opportunity to win a big cash prize!

Send Elsie a name for her new baby boy—one you think would fit the personality of that cute, pint-size edition of Elmer! And write just 25 words saying why you think the name would fit!

If you send in the winning entry, you get \$7,500!... Second and third prizes \$1,000 each. And more than 800 additional prizes in cash!

If you have several good name possibilities, send 'em all in! Just remember to accompany each entry with a label, box top, bottle top—any mark of identification from any one of the great family of Borden Foods.

Contest closes midnight, October 31!

Sit right down NOW. Use the coupon on the end of this ad, or secure an official entry blank from your store where you buy Borden products, or write on your own stationery.

Don't wait—you may miss out on thousands of dollars!

Read these rules!

1. Send in a first name for Elsie and Elmer's new baby boy calf. Then in 25 additional words or less complete the statement: "I suggest this name for Elsie's baby because..."

2. Use the coupon in this ad or secure an official entry blank from your store where you buy Borden products, or write on your own stationery. Print clearly your own name and address (also your age and name of your school principal if you are under 14), and the name and address of merchant from whom you buy Borden products. Let your storekeeper help you... then, if you win a prize, he wins one too. Write on one side of paper only.

3. This contest is open to any person in the continental United States... except employees of The Borden Company and its subsidiaries and affiliates, its advertising agencies and members of their immediate families. Contest is subject to all Government regulations.

4. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a

label, bottle cap, box top, or any other mark of identification from any Borden product.

5. All entries must be the original work of the contestants, submitted in their own names. No more than one prize will be awarded in one family.

Mail your entries to—

Elsie's Contest
P.O. Box 18
New York 8, N. Y.

Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.

6. Entries will be judged by the judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelly Corporation. The name will be selected on appropriateness and originality. The statement will be judged on sincerity, logic and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Age will be considered in judging entries of children under 14 years. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned. All entries and ideas therein become the prop-

erty of The Borden Company, which shall have the right to use, with contestant's names, in Borden Advertising.

7. The contest closes midnight October 31, 1947 and all entries must be postmarked before that date and received before November 15, 1947.

8. The Borden Company will have notices mailed to winners. A complete list of winners will be sent to all contestants requesting one and sending a stamped, addressed envelope. The Borden Company will decide whether or when to announce winning names for the calf.

CONTEST PRIZES	
First Prize	\$7,500
Two Prizes	\$1,000 each
Three Prizes	500 each
Twenty Prizes	100 each
Eighty Prizes	25 each
Three Hundred Prizes	10 each
Four Hundred & Five Prizes	5 each
Plus Dealer Prizes of	\$20,025
Grand Total	\$25,000

Grand prize
\$7,500.00

Borden's



©The Borden Company

ENTER NOW!

ELSIE'S CONTEST...
P. O. Box 18, New York 8, N. Y.

My name for the new calf is

Name

Street address

City

State

My 25-word statement is attached. Also name and address of dealer from whom I buy my Borden Products.

Names of principal winners of this contest will be announced in first available issue of The American Weekly after contest closes.

TIDY

When you have to tidy up—tidy quick—reach for Mufti bottle. Mufti gives you not 1, but 8 tested cleaning ingredients...cleans so many spots from so many fabrics and is a jiffy! Buy Mufti today.

MUFTI

SPOT REMOVER

COLD'S

PAINFUL MISERIES

EASED BY THIS DEPENDABLE ASPIRIN

When each aches, the first thought of millions for ease and comfort, is America's Great Pain Reliever—Joseph Aspirin—so effective for headache and overstrain pains.

St. Joseph's

ASPIRIN 10

12 TABLETS STILL ONLY

After 25

beware of

DRY SKIN

ACT PROMPTLY

TO ARREST IT

—with the right care

FROM ABOUT 25 ON, the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil skin needs.

Replacement help from lanolin, the oil most like natural skin oil, is right at your fingertips—with Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream.

3 features give special softening aid: rich in lanolin; homogenized—to soak in better; a special emulsifier.

2-Point Softening Care:

Lanolin-Softens by Night—Work lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream well over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or all night.

Lanolin-Protects by Day—Pond's Dry Skin Cream before makeup gives a protective screen against dryness.

Start now! See your skin respond to this lanolin-rich cream.

FREE—For a sample of this rich in lanolin, homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream, send your name and address to Pond's, Dept. 150-DC, Clinton, Connecticut.

Don't Scratch

Relieve Itch Fast

Even the most stubborn itching caused by eczema, scabies, pimples, athlete's foot—other itching troubles is quickly relieved by Dr. Denon's formula—cooling, medicated liquid D. D. D. Prescription, 40 years world-wide success. Greasy, stains and invisible. Soothes, comforts and quiets the most intense itching speedily. A 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for—

D.D.D. Prescription

Stay Healthy and Beautiful by Getting the Proper Amount of Sleep, Says Sally Young in *My Column* in This Issue of The American Weekly.

Here's how to...

By Doris Denison

Dry Curtains Properly

DURING drying, curtains should be kept as straight as possible. If you do not have a stretcher, there are other ways of keeping curtains straight and in shape while they are drying. If they are made of a closely woven fabric, hang them straight across the line and square the corners with gentle fingers. If the material is sheer, hang curtains at their full length and width from the upper rods and run a second rod through them to hold the bottom of the curtain in place. Use only rustproof rods for this method.

Pack Suitcase Correctly

FIRST wipe out the bag with a cloth which has been slightly dampened with cologne. Pack lightly, do not stuff. Slip small jars into toes of socks, and put the socks into slippers. Jars from the five and ten cent store make fine, space-saving containers.



Put heavy objects near back hinges to avoid sliding when luggage is closed. Pack bottles with tops toward handles. Seal lotion and perfume bottles with colorless nail enamel.

Button up all clothing, cross the sleeves, and try to limit yourself to one fold. For daily-fresh, wrinkleless clothing, remove all wrinkles before packing.

don't crowd your bag, and place stockings, lingerie, or tissue paper along folds.

Tip scissor points and sharp objects with adhesive tape. Put what you will need first on top. When packing dresses on hangers, place longest dresses at the rear. Pack trousers by laying waistbands in alternately opposite directions. And lastly, don't put soiled clothing next to leather.

Iron Rayon Blouse Easily

THE trick of making a rayon blouse look like new again after it has been washed lies in paying attention to a few small details in ironing: For example, best results will be obtained if you do not sprinkle your blouses but iron them before they are completely dry. You can avoid iron shine by always pressing on the wrong side, and you will lessen your chance of scorching if you test the iron on an inconspicuous part of the blouse. If it sticks to the material, your iron is too hot.

When pressing a blouse, start with the sleeves and shoulder, then do the body part, and lastly the collar or ruffle. In this way, you will crease the blouse as little as possible while working on it. Using a tailor's cushion will make ironing shoulders easier. It's also a good idea to place buttons face down on a tailor's cushion or something soft before pressing over them on the wrong side. This helps protect the fabric under the button—and thus keeps buttons on longer. When your blouse is all pressed hang it on a hanger until dry before you fold it or put it away.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

- HOUSEHOLD**
- (21) Electric Equipment Care
 - (22) Easy Laundering
 - (23) Sewing for the Nursery
 - (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
 - (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
 - (26) Streamline Closets
 - (27) Make Your Own Rugs
 - (28) Dressing Table Covers
 - (29) Dining Room Leaflets
 - (30) Sew Right
 - (31) How to Make Lampshades

Make this paint-cleaning test in your own kitchen!

Learn how **SOIL-OFF** cleans paint—easy as dusting!

NO WATER, NO RINSING, NO DRYING!

Saturate an old piece of bath towel with Soil-Off right from the bottle. Gently wipe painted walls or woodwork. See soil and grease disappear like magic. Watch that freshly painted look re-appear. Soil-Off removes yellow discoloration...mildly disinfects and deodorizes...is as harmless to good cleanable paint as to your hands. Soil-Off makes painted surfaces gleam in two-thirds less time. Try it!



INVENTED BY Vera Nyman

Mrs. Nyman personally tested Soil-Off in 75,000 homes...proved she had America's finest liquid paint cleaner before marketing it nationally.



SOIL-OFF IS THE ORIGINAL LIQUID PAINT CLEANER

for gay romantic moments

Park & Tilford

Famous PERFUMES

—compare them with perfumes costing far more

Smart women everywhere are amazed and delighted when they first try Park & Tilford perfumes. You, too, will discover that these famous quality perfumes bring you exciting perfume glamour...without perfume extravagance! In six alluring scents—\$1.00 and smaller purse sizes at perfume counters.

BE Beauty-Wise... Glamourize... WITH PARK & TILFORD PERFUMES & COSMETICS

FACE POWDER: "Color-Keyed" for your greater beauty.

COLOGNE: In Six Exquisite, Gay Fragrances.

LIPSTICK: In Eleven "Beauty-Young" Shades.

CAKE MAKE-UP: In Four Ultra-Fashionable Shades.

PERFUMED DEODORANT: Liquid—So dainty, so easy to apply.

FIRST to bring your fingertips jewel-like lustre with its magic-ingredient CHRYSTALLYNE®

Today
DURA-GLOSS
brings you
2 new miracle aids
to the
perfect personal
manicure

1 new nylon brush
easier on! A slenderized nylon brush as scientifically designed as a tiny precision instrument! A modern brush engineered especially for Dura-Gloss to give you perfect control! A brush that allows your hand to guide the polish just where you want it! With this new Dura-Gloss nylon brush, one easy, time-saving application gives your fingertips an amazingly neat, exact outline—a quicker, more beautiful and more professional-looking manicure than you've ever been able to give yourself before!



Shown actual size

All this added—still 10¢*
These revolutionary new Dura-Gloss helps to a quicker, more beautiful manicure come to you at no extra cost! Both Dura-Gloss Nail Polish with the new nylon brush and improved Dura-Gloss Instant Remover are still 10¢.*

ASK FOR Dura-Gloss Nail Polish with the new nylon brush and new Dura-Gloss Instant Remover at drug and five-and-ten-cent store cosmetic counters.

Eighteen fashion-right shades

2 new instant remover
easier off! At last! A remover which **LIFTS** polish instantly *without the least smearing or smudging!* Based upon an entirely new principle, this miracle remover gently, harmlessly loosens hardened polish . . . and cotton instantly absorbs it! Polish can't run, doesn't stain cuticle or fingers! A quick application—and your nails are left completely free of polish. Delightfully perfumed, and with no harsh drying effect, new Dura-Gloss Remover is neater, cleaner, quicker—the newest Dura-Gloss help to a perfect personal manicure.



Shown one-half actual size

Polish is neatly, quickly transferred to cotton. No stain, no smudge, no smear!



Betty Anderson, lovely Powers model . . . her jewels by Cartier . . . her fingertips glowing with Dura-Gloss vibrant new shade CAMELLIA

NOW IT'S EASIER than ever to change your colors quickly—to harmonize fingertip shades with your costume! Now, more than ever, you'll want to give your fingertips new variety and glamour by keeping *several* of the 18 fashion-right Dura-Gloss shades right on your dressing table!

new!

Creamy-smooth, long-lasting Dura-Gloss Lipstick . . . in 5 exciting shades, 39¢* . . . with matching and blending Dura-Gloss Nail Polish, both 49¢*



CHRYSTALLYNE—that wonder ingredient which gives quick-drying Dura-Gloss its hard, brilliant lustre and makes it stay on and on without chipping, peeling or cracking . . . which first brought your fingertips sparkling *modern* loveliness—and for years has made Dura-Gloss outstanding among all nail polishes for lustre and long wear!

DURA-GLOSS *Color range for costume change*